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A WESTERN VINEYARD.

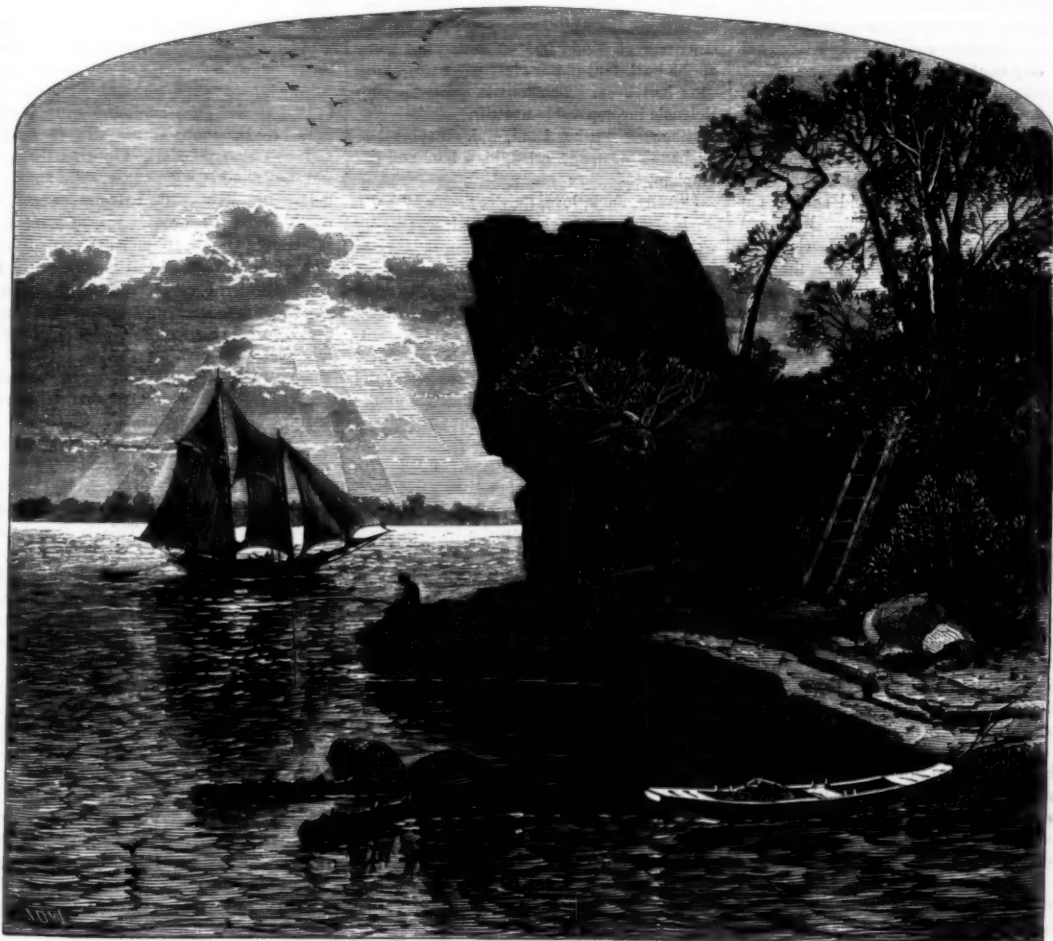
I.

IT was Helena's* notion that the summer's journeyings might come to a fitting end at the Wine Islands in Lake Erie, and neither Jack nor I possessed the courage or the adverse facts necessary to combat her resolution.

mote but renowned wine-fields, and she pressed the case with her usual tact and eloquence.

It is hardly necessary to say that she overcame the few scruples that were raised, for form's sake, or that she failed to stimulate

the Erie road, and we went into the sleeping-coaches at eight p. m., at Hornellsville, thus spending the entire day in the flight through New York. Of such a ride one must say every thing or nothing. A trip by rail through



SPHINX HEAD, PUT-IN-BAY, LAKE ERIE.

She armed herself with the descriptions of many charms that were to be found in the re-

some little excitement even in Jack's sluggish breast. She took us off at nine o'clock on a Friday morning, and brought us to our tarrying-place at nine p. m. on the succeeding day. The first stage of the journey was over

a country of exquisite beauty is one of a class of subjects which demand the most at the hands of a willing writer, and to barely hint at the spectacles beheld is like giving the husks for the harvest.

* See papers on "American Summer Resorts" in JOURNAL of last summer, closing October 3d.

We awoke in Ohio, and in the midst of a forest of dark and venerable oaks. The weather had cleared once more, and the coolness and freshness of the morning air were something more than delightful.

That this was the West of tradition, if not of to-day, would have been plain to an East Indian. The severe flatness of the country, from which arose never a hill nor a hummock, the close growth of the old forest-trees that belted the wide clearings, the surprising transparency of the atmosphere, the smallness of the country habitations, the number of new fences and the newly-made farms, and the general yesterday look of all completed work, even of the bright sky and clear-cut clouds themselves, were undeniably characteristics of our land of wonders.

Passing the day in Cleveland, it was quite six o'clock when we got down at Sandusky, and drove to the boat at the edge of the lake.

The place that we were bound for was Put-in-Bay, a port upon the western side of South Bass Island, one of the largest of the group. The place is a famous summer resort for Western people, and it has two large hotels of very excellent character.

The dwellers on the island are farmers, engaged almost without exception in grape-culture, though each has his field of corn or wheat. A great number of the people are Germans or of German descent, and their lands are jealously defined, and so laid out as to procure uttermost yield. Here and there the coasts of the islands develop into cliffs of rugged rock that please the eye, grown somewhat wearied with the smoothness of the water-line and the flatness of the fields. Some of the smaller of the islands are almost entirely covered with trees, and where upon the larger islands the land still remains in the possession of the early owner, who is not a cultivator, remnants of fine forests are still to be seen, and now and then a lonely and lofty oak, whose dignity has always caused the wood-chopper to withhold his hand.

I learned that the waters in the vicinity of the islands are famous fishing-grounds for rock-bass, then in season, and it was therefore easy for me to account for the presence on board the boat of a great number of reeled and jointed poles in the hands of some stalwart heroes from Cincinnati.

The steamer made its first stop at Kelly's Island (would that all green things would wilt, and all streams dry up, when man ventures to tag Nature with a name like that!).

The approach to this island on that tranquil night was a fitting introduction to the series of gentle scenes that we were destined afterward to behold. The cool and cloudless heavens, lit up by the broad harvest-moon, came down to a water quite as calm and unruffled, and in the gleaming line of jointure lay the illuminated land, having in its centre a few needle-points of yellow light that came from the windows of the houses. The sky and lake were alike luminous, and the island seemed to be airily suspended between them, so light and delicate did the glow of the moon make it appear. Instead of drawing nearer to it of our own part, it seemed to draw toward us, to float slowly from out the heavens,

as the radiant snow-world came down before enchanted Zemobe of the fairy tale in the burning desert.

It was while we tarried at this point in the journey that we first received indubitable evidence that we were truly in the vineyard-land.

At the wharf, beyond which the moon half disclosed and half concealed a few white buildings that seemed to be public-houses, there was a shed under which merchandise that awaited transportation was commonly kept.

No sooner had the gang-plank been passed ashore than there issued from the recesses of this house a stout, barefooted negro, bearing in either hand an oblong basket open at the top. He was hurriedly followed by another, similarly laden, and more yet came behind. The first of them reappeared empty-handed, and in due time again came aboard with another load. This chain of carriers went its round, stumbling and chattering, for full fifteen minutes, bringing nothing but baskets all the while, and it was not until a stray puff of wind came up under the bows of the boat that it was clear what their burdens had been. The telltale air passed by Helena's incomparable nostrils.

She shot out her hand, and, grasping her husband's arm, she cried, in a loud and triumphant tone:

"Why, Jack, love, they're grapes!"

It was true enough. The fruit was on its way to Detroit, and was thus daintily packed in order that it might present an attractive appearance in the markets. The baskets were arranged in rows upon the lower deck, and one felt a somewhat sentimental resentment against its inferential classification with ordinary freight. Its perfume was sweet and heavy, and it penetrated to all parts of the boat. Go where one would, into the state-rooms, or the cabins, or the engine-rooms, he was certain to find the air filled with drowsy odors; and as a few bare strains of music may set a tune to all things, so the scent of these grapes loaned a little glamour to their rough surroundings, and made it easy to see the poetic unity and fitness in all things present. Helena, I know, was affected by the influence, and, although it compelled her to dip a little into her well of rhymes, I thought I detected in her manner a trace of reassurance, now that it was certain that the sweet stories of vineyards and wines upon which she had dwelt with so much fervor had proved not to be delusions. She was entirely tranquil, and she gazed now at the moonlit water, now at the often foolish groups upon the decks, and now at the clouds of black smoke that poured from the steamer's funnel, with the indefinable air of one who, charged with the happiness of others, is about to grant them the swift fruition of their fondest hopes.

The steamer kept along the wooded shore of the illuminated island, standing to the northwest. Her speed was great, and she swept on with a surging roar that was thrown back from the rocky faces of the cliffs. Suddenly there appeared, at the head of a broad, smooth clearing, a long, lofty building, with its massive white façade turned to the lake.

It was an embattled structure built of stone, and flanked by two huge turrets with windowed roofs. In its rear a wooded hill arose, making a dark background, against which the moonlit building stood in startling contrast. There was something about it that suggested that it was deserted, and something more that, under the light in which it stood, made it seem grand and ancient. It was only a wine-house, a building used for the manufacture and storage of champagnes; but, even knowing that, it was not possible to quite rid one's self of memories of marble palaces and villas upon Mediterranean shores; and the sudden leaping of the structure into sight awoke that faint, lurking wish, that lies in the heart of hearts of all Americans, that there had been in the remotest past a class of elegant reprobates and magnificent rogues who had left behind them kingly castles for us to sigh and dawdle over.

The steamer went on in her golden sea (it was more gilded than silvered) straight for some faint lights in the far distance upon Middle Bass. This was another of the vineyard-islands, and it lay abreast of Put-in-Bay, and only half a mile from its docks. At the landing there was a warehouse similar to that at Kelly's Island, and from it there were brought more grapes still in baskets, and still rich in odor. Close to the wharf was yet another wine-house, solid and heavy below, and light with balustrades and balconies above. Its roof was ornamented, and it seemed to cover an immense and lofty hall. The windows were so tall and so broad that the light of the moon, streaming in, faintly showed a decorated wall and a broad music-platform. The floor was piled with tables and chairs stacked together and turned upside down in a fashion that was peculiarly dreary, and that suggested that all the whilom frequenters were dead, and that the dust was expected to come and to cover all things up.

Across a small and perfectly sheltered sound were the lights of the welcoming houses of Put-in-Bay. This is the most famous watering-place of the Northwest, and in the midsummer it had been thronged by visitors from all the great cities of the populous region; but it was now deserted save by amateur fishermen, who came to take the bass, and by stray curiosity-seekers like ourselves.

Yet there were burning the lights of a crowded and wide-awake town. One would have thought, on drawing near the wharves, that there was plenty of company and jollity under the roofs of the great hotels, for they seemed to be ablaze with gas-jets. But there was hardly sufficient reason to be deceived, for there was a great silence. There was no sound of rolling wheels, or of music, or of dancing, or of that trampling upon long piazzas that is so pleasing to the ears of gregarious man. At the pier that was made to hold hundreds, there was a score of dark figures with their hands in their pockets, and two or three small wagons with horses that seemed to be indifferent to all affairs of the world. There was a lantern here and there, and a trunk and a woman were waiting to go to Detroit.

"I think," said Jack, "that we shall get our fill of what we came for—unfretted solitude—ugly rusticity."

Helena gave him what is known as "a look." Then she gathered up her wraps and led the way like a show-man to the land. We rode five hundred yards to a tremendous hotel with balconies, cupolas, and broad piazzas, and with countless windows let into the long, high walls. Over its entrance was the word "Welcome," in faded evergreen. Upon one side was the bay; on another were various detached and semi-detached offices; before it was a grove; above it was a pole, from which flew, snapping and swelling in the now cold and angry wind, a broad flag.

It so happened that we were the only new guests. We took supper in a huge hall that was meant to contain three hundred diners, and we were waited upon by a formal and gloomy negro, who succeeded by the help of the echoes of the vast place in making himself terrible—at least to Helena. He brought food as if with a desire to keep us in good condition for sinister purposes, and he clattered his dishes like manacles behind a black screen in the resounding distance. There were countless tables ranged along in endless rows, and innumerable pillars running off into the dusky recesses out of sight. The floor was uncovered; there were but three lights, and there was a chill in the air. Helena, with bated breath, and the eyes of a startled child, sat in silence, while Jack uttered miserable sighs.

The waiter began to return in a quarter of an hour, and when after a long walk he finally appeared in the distance, we saw that his head and shoulders were enveloped in steam, and that he bore a tray.

Helena whipped off her gloves, and Jack turned an animal eye on the coming food. It was fortunate, perhaps, that the goddess ate, and so subdued her worse fancies before she was shown to her apartments on the second floor; for the wind, having increased to a gale from the northwest, played the most prolonged and dismal tunes all through the million crevices of the summer building. Guided by a stolid servant with a flaming lamp, we ascended the stairs, hatted and coated as if for a mountain-journey. On every hand were closed doors, from behind which issued no sounds save low, shrill whistles, and murmurs so long-drawn and so mournful that Jack's hair arose in spite of his sense. Now and then cold corridors, ending in pitchy darkness, opened off from the main hall-way, and the quick flash of the lamp exhibited for an instant the spare strips of carpet that ran down the centres of the gray floors, the slender chandeliers, and the tomb-like entrances to the innumerable chambers. The druggot arose before us like the waves of the sea, and the boy who led acted as if he were trespassing upon the grounds of the archfiend himself, so doubtful did he seem of his way and his footsteps. When the end of the walk was at hand, and we stood silent and somewhat awed before our apartments, while the porter fished his keys from out his pocket, such a blast of windy shrieks and screams burst through the deserted house that had the walls been instantly transformed into

lofty icebergs, and the ground into a snow-covered floor, and had the whole place begun to toss and to shatter to pieces upon the waves of an arctic sea, I doubt if either of us would have been very much astonished.

Twelve hours later we were among the vineyards.

It was not hard to turn the back upon the region of the settlement, for now that the season had passed, and the winds had grown a little chill, it was deserted and was inexpressibly dreary. A long-continued drought had robbed the grass of its green, and many of the more sensitive trees of their best colors, and so, added to the loneliness, was a suggestion of decay and of winter that bore hard upon the desire to fancy that the place could ever be beautiful.

The long, ornamented fronts of the hotels showed naught but closed blinds; the piazza-floors were cracked and warped; in the porches before the doors were a few chairs, placed there, presumably, as nest-eggs by the still-lingering proprietors, but which were unoccupied save, possibly, by a cat here and there, or a dog. Two or three fountains, that in summer threw cooling sprays into the air, were now particularly dry, and their half-secreted pipes were bent and rusty. Bits of paper and dusty cloth lay upon the faded grass-plots, and the paths amid the sighing trees were unnaturally dry and yellow. Between the hotels, and close under their lees, were numbers of small houses of entertainment, that were accustomed, in the height of the year, to catch a little of the overflow of favors with which the public blessed their mighty neighbors. Some had little gardens set with tables; some had semi-secret cellars, where cards and beer were to be had by the rougher people; some had spacious halls, where one could dance; and all had closets where native wines could be purchased bottle by bottle and drunk on the premises. However gay and brilliant they may have been two months before, they were sadly desolate then, with their creaking signs and unswept yards.

The boat-houses by the lake, the empty billiard-halls, and the tied-up merry-go-rounds, with their faded carriages, were the very husks of old frolics, and it was hard to compute how many people and how much joy and hilarity it would take to fill them once again with their full measures of delight.

But, if the people had gone out, the grapes had come in, and ungracious must be the soul that could not feel that the gain of the one was ample compensation for the loss of the other.

We started out, an ignorant three, upon a straight, brown-white road, that led due north, and ended at the shore of the lake, whose blue waters could be seen between the verdant trees in the far distance, sparkling in the sunlight.

The air that was still was warm, but the air that moved was cool. While enveloped in the one we heard the hum and chirp of the insects, and when enveloped in the other we heard the soft ripple of the water upon the beach near by, and the rustle of the leaves in the forest. Upon either side of the road were wandering paths, and beside

them were fences, neck-high, and closely built.

Just at the other side of the fences were the vineyards. They stretched away across upon acres, running close up to the houses, or to the woods, or the edges of the water. Their general color was a greenish brown, and they were composed of continuous trellises four feet high, running commonly east and west, and separated by spaces varying in width from five to eight feet. The land was very level. There was no appreciable rise or fall, and so, in looking along the tops of the vines, they seemed to become at a short distance a very prairie, as solid and as flat as the land itself. The fields contained commonly from seven to ten acres, though here and there was one that was twice the usual size. Nearly all the farms contain in their midst small and simple houses, two low stories in height, and containing, perhaps, half a dozen apartments. There are no barns or stables like those one sees on produce or dairy lands—mere sheds doing ample duty for the shelter for the single cow or the single horse of the grape-raiser. There are a few notable dwellings that in the distance look like country-houses of wealthy and retired city-men, being considerably larger than their neighbors, and having more ornamentation, but close inspection almost invariably reveals that they are but indifferently built, and that they are but sparsely furnished. Of trees there are a few for shade at the road-sides, and the edges of the land are commonly skirted with a belt of woodland, in order that the fiercer winds from the lake may be tempered to the striving vines. Finely, too, do they perform their grateful tasks, and it is a great thing to see a sturdy, penetrating blast move with the swift front of an army over the darkening waters, specially intent, it may seem, upon mischief of some sort, and then, striking the butts of the guardian oaks, rush upward and expend its rage among the verdant and sighing branches overhead, leaving the vineyards on the other side tranquil and undisturbed.

But the grapes!

Helena was beside herself at the glorious sights she beheld, and she left the path every ten yards to go and look over the fences at the purple fruit. It was the season for the Catawbas, the richest of all the varieties, and all the earlier grapes still hung upon the vines. Therefore, look where she would, tens of thousands of pendent clusters met her hungry gaze, and awoke all the poetry that her soul contained. She pointed out, with a precision and exactness that somewhat astonished Jack and myself, the score of minor beauties that each vine possessed, the sunlight effects, the swaying and poisoning of the broad leaves above the fruit, the grace of the brown and twisted stems, and the blending of the shades and lower colors all over the wide-spread fields. Her childhood returned once more, and she chattered and laughed, and gave herself up to a most delightful joyousness. The air was warm and peculiarly soft; the blue sky had a few thick, white October clouds in it, and there was a haze all over the land. Nothing was to be heard besides our own voices, as we strolled

along in the grassy road, save the peaceful twitter of the birds and the murmur of the gently-stirring leaves.

Suddenly Jack cried out:

"Look here! what's this?"

Startled out of our dream, we looked up and beheld painted upon a weather-beaten board, nailed to a staff ten feet high, "Beware of Dogs and Self-Shooters!"

So eminently fierce and tragic was the tenor of this legend that, aroused as we were from musings of the most tender sort, we fell into stupefaction. We regarded the sign in silence for a long while. It was impossible to understand why it was that a caution so alarming in its character should be thrust up in a deserted country-road to confront only the sky and the landscape. Whom did it mean to warn? To what class of marauders did it appeal? Who was likely to so conduct himself in this elysium as to arouse a hound or to run the risk of blowing himself to pieces with duck-shot? The sign destroyed our peace of mind. It caused us to see a sinister shade in the whole prospect, and to feel that there was treachery in the very ground. We turned instinctively into the middle of the road, and walked in the dust for a while rather than lay ourselves open to suspicion in such a suspicious country. Helena withdrew into herself, and looked only furtively at the vineyards that before she had dwelt upon with so much warmth; and Jack, who had been a volunteer captain in the war, bore himself with a certain grimness that I knew very well how to interpret. He felt personally aggrieved at the tone of the warning, and he was, no doubt, quite ready to get over the fence, and to commit a depredation for the sake of bringing on a conflict.

Fortunately for us, there appeared in the distance, slowly approaching with a refractory heifer, a boy of ten years of age, wearing an immense straw-hat, the sides of which came down about his shoulders like elephants' ears. When he had arrived within speaking-distance, Helena asked him where she could buy some grapes.

"Buy 'em!" echoed the boy, holding desperately by the rope, with his bare feet hooked into the rut—"buy 'em! Go into my father's vineyard down there, with the peaked fence—and eat as many—dang it!—as you l-like!" Here the heifer made a bolt, and the boy disappeared in a cloud of dust and with a scurry of hoofs that would have raised the dead.

Encouraged, and with renewed confidence, we went on as far as the "peaked fence," and, while gazing over it at the wealth of fruit on the other side, we discovered a man crawling along like a toad by the side of a trellis. He had a pair of small shears in his hands, and he pulled after him at intervals a rough basket, half filled with the bead-like Delawares. He was gathering fruit, and, beginning so low down that he seemed to thrust his matted head into the yellowish earth, he gradually arose, cutting bunches all about him, until he finally came to an erect posture upon his knees. He then confronted us with a huge, faded beard of a brown color, and a pair of immense glasses, that gave him a singularly grave and owl-like appearance. He at once regained his feet, and came forward

with a somewhat stiffened step and saluted us in a strange composite of German and English.

Jack warmed to him at once, and, in his most taking manner, begged pardon for interrupting, and indicated us as strangers totally ignorant of grape-culture, and, at the same time, deeply curious about it.

We immediately began a colloquy upon profits, varieties, seasons, and methods, that might well have lasted until the end of the world, had it not happily occurred to Jack to ask if it were possible to buy any of the wine that the eloquent German had, in the course of his remarks, described.

It at once appeared that he had, curiously enough, a little of it (1868, Delaware) in his cellar at that moment.

"My house," said he, pointing off toward a rude, unpainted structure at the edge of a wood, five hundred yards away, "is there. Come and sit down and drink a little. Go in by that gate and walk up through the vineyard."

It was a walk well worth taking. Surrounded on all sides by the fruit, hanging in the utmost profusion, ready and willing to our hands; enveloped in an atmosphere laden to the utmost with the mingled odors of Catawbas, Concordes, and Delawares; feeling upon our faces the softly-tempered sunlight of the incomparable season, and listening to the gentle shuddering and rustling of the broad green leaves in the barely stirring wind, and to the tuneful hum of the locusts, it was no wonder that our souls were fittingly calmed for the sweet libations that followed, despite their recent exercise.

The host, with a lumbering pace, led on up a narrow path, rough and with whitish, clayey stones, and stopped before his door. The house was simple in its construction and very neat. There was a row of shining milk-pans upon a rack, two long rows of red-glass Rhine-wine bottles placed to dry after washing, and there was a tall, arching trellis of hops, upon whose delicate green the sun played most magically. The walls of the house, being unpainted, had received those shades of gray that make an artist's palace, and vines had clambered upon them, and had turned fiery red. Over us, where we stood, before the little door, and over the whole roof, there fell the shadows of three huge oaks, and it was at the gnarled foot of one of these that the good German placed a round table and chairs. A barefooted boy followed with a long-necked bottle, and a sister of his, something smaller than himself, came on behind, with two slender glasses caught tightly in the round, brown fingers of each hand. She held these a little above her shoulders, bending her head at the same time to watch lest she might stumble. When she arrived, she gave a sigh of relief, and then a start of apprehension at finding herself near so many strangers. She put down the glasses with great haste, and then, flying away a dozen yards, she turned to gaze at us, with one hand thrown behind her, and the little finger of the other caught in the corner of her pretty mouth. It was with difficulty that Helena was brought back to her wine.

The four tall, clear cups stood sparkling

upon the dark table-top, and the host tipped down his slender flask, and a transparent, yellow flood poured out, glittering in the sun, and eddying around and around in the tiny bowls. Then we sat and drank a little and talked much. The German, led on by Jack, told us of the vicissitudes that he had met in his life of fifty years, and, upon my word, I never heard a sadder tale of disappointments after fair promises, or of more vicious interpositions of accidents. The man's career had been a continuous falling back after a little recovery, and Nature and Man seemed to have leagued to pound his fingers, and to make him let go his hold. He had now hidden himself away in this quiet spot (and he looked around upon it with some little affection, I thought), and he felt somewhat secure, though, after all, he was entirely prepared to break his leg once more, or to see his children die one after the other, or to have the mildew carry off his crops—he could not now, in reason, so he averred, be sure of any fair treatment whatsoever.

Helena, fortunately enough, was not intent upon the gloomy recital; she was too much enamored of the sunlit prospect spread out before her to lend an ear to the complaints of one of her kind. She reclined in her chair, holding her closed sun-umbrella across her lap with her left hand, while in the fingers of her right she bore, daintily poised, her glass of gleaming wine. Now and then she pressed it to her lips without seeming to know that she did so, and without withdrawing her far-away gaze from the vineyards and the yellow cornfields that lay in the distance. It was easy to declare that it was fit that she beheld should have such a beholder; that there was, in some way or other, an agreeable harmony between such an admirable scene and such an admirable woman. Were one called upon to improvise a landscape for Helena, I do not doubt that there would be forthcoming the same blending of colors, the same proportion of luxuriant woodland and yielding lowland, the same serene sky, and the same warm drowsiness of the air. And were one to describe a creature of our kin who might be thought to have a spirit for the scene before us, he would say: "Let her possess a cheek shaded with olive and red, a smooth, broad forehead, a straight nose, a fairly small mouth with well-closed lips, a well-set chin, a small, round, brown neck, a body with a chest in it, a fine mass of thick brown hair, thoughtful expression in her face, and the very merest tendency to let her head incline toward her shoulder."

That I was right in my belief that there was deep communion between the young woman and the vineyard, was sufficiently proved when it became necessary in the course of events to separate them. Helena desired to stay quite another hour, on the plea of wishing to try the good farmer's 1865 Catawba; but, inasmuch as Jack believed that she could not have told it from Dublin stout, we finally succeeded in moving her on.

Upon leaving the vineyards we again took the road toward the beach. Jack and Helena had their hands filled with grapes, which

we had purchased of our entertainer, and I had a few. It is hardly to be doubted that the unusual indulgence in this lavish way of eating fruit aroused a certain animation in all of us, for no sooner had we devoured all that we had than it straightway became necessary to have more.

Presently we came to a long, straight pathway that led directly to the front-door of a badly-painted little house, that was surrounded, of course, by vineyards.

We approached it, and not without caution, for we had heard the barking of more than one evil-minded dog, and Jack rapped loudly at the door. There was no response, and the knocking was repeated until it became clear that there was no one within. A moment after we discovered two young fellows working in a field in the rear of the dwelling; and, still bent upon purchasing some fruit, we walked toward them, and they at the same time came toward us. But, for some reason or other, they stopped when part way, and, turning about, went off in an entirely different direction across a wide, uncultivated pasture. We hailed them, but to no purpose. They took no notice of our noise, and went on their way with a calmness and stolidity of which Germans alone are capable.

Before us, and not a great way off, was the lake, and so attractive did it seem, that we decided to keep on down across the pasture, and so gain its shore, along which it might be pleasant to walk. Disappointed in our failure to purchase the fruit that we wanted, we felt it to be particularly chafing to walk close beside overlaiden trellises, and to feel that, though there was not a shadow of an abstract between the grapes and us, there was yet a wall of non-ownership that was, or ought to be, many miles high.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XII.

"THERE is not the slightest use of making any search for a will. I know there is none. Lord St. George made me carefully destroy the last one he had executed only the day before his death. Indeed, he had given me instructions to draw up another so exceedingly inimical to your interests that I determined to be as slow as possible in carrying out his intentions. Now, his death intestate has left every thing to you, Colonel Wilton—I beg pardon—my lord."

So spoke Mr. Kenrick—a grave, well-bred, exceedingly professional man—as Wilton sat at the opposite side of his knee-hole table in the well-known office of Kenrick and Cole, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, the morning after his arrival in London.

"No; I prefer being Ralph Wilton still. I suppose I need not adopt the title if I do not like? We must remember, Kenrick, that

poor St. George's daughter may be still alive, and may have a host of children."

"That is certainly possible, though it is a possibility I had wellnigh forgotten. Forgive me for saying so, but I heartily wish you had been a little less impetuous. Six weeks' patience would have seen you possessed of ample means to support your title, and free to choose a wife where you liked."

"Ay; but who could foresee the course of events? I could not have acted a double part with the poor old man, nor could I have postponed my marriage. In short, there is no use in discussing the question; tell me what Lord St. George said when he sent for you."

"I found him," replied the lawyer, "looking terribly ill, although, as usual, accurately dressed and quite composed. I had, by his directions, brought with me the will he had executed a few months ago—a will bequeathing every thing to you, Colonel Wilton. His first question was, 'Have you heard that my heir has selected a wife at last?' I replied I had not; and he went on to say that you had at first concealed your marriage, but, having met Mr. St. George Wilton, and thinking concealment no longer necessary, you had written to him. He showed me your letter, and said he had a visit from your cousin, who gave him a true version of the affair, with much more that was not flattering, and need not be repeated. He then made me destroy the will in his presence, and gave me instructions to prepare another, by which he bequeathed his large property to the Foundling Hospital, adding a grim jest as to the probability of some of his own grandchildren profiting by the bequest. I must say, however, that he seemed principally affected by the apparent attempt to conceal your marriage."

"That was never my intention," said Wilton, much disturbed, while he walked up and down. "But I wish to Heaven I had written to him at once! The fact is, I knew that I had cut myself off from him completely by my marriage, and thought it little mattered when I announced it. Then I forgot to write."

"And most things, probably," said Mr. Kenrick, with a grave and slightly compassionate smile. "The next morning my late client was found by Saunders—his man, who has been so long with him—lying placidly on his bed, but life was quite extinct. He must have been dead some hours."

"I cannot tell you, Kenrick, how profoundly sorry I am to have caused him this annoyance!"

"His heart had long been in a very weak state," continued the lawyer, scarcely heeding the interruption; "and his death was certainly painless. It remains to discover his daughter's children."

"Or herself," put in Wilton.

"She is dead—I feel sure of that. I perfectly remember my father mentioning to me the terrible species of exultation with which Lord St. George heard that his only child was no more. That must be twenty years ago. I am under the impression that she left no family. If so, I shall be pleased to congratulate you, colonel, on a noble inheritance."

Wilton took another turn to and fro. "I have never been used to wealth or finery," he said. "If I could dispense with the title, I should not care much. Tell me—does nothing hang on to the coronet?"

"Well, I believe the rent of one farm; barely four hundred a year. But the house in S— Square belongs to you. It was one of the 'bad' viscount's purchases; and though the late lord's father paid off the various mortgages with which it was loaded, he never alienated it from the direct line."

"So much the better for me. And now, Kenrick, lose no time in taking proper steps to discover the daughter's children."

"I will, of course; but I have a strong idea there are none."

"Why?" asked Wilton.

"Because we should have been sure to have heard of them. The father—a needy foreigner, by all accounts—would never have resisted the temptation to dip his fingers into such well-filled pockets as those of Lord St. George; and the application would have been through us, or referred to us. No, I cannot help thinking Madame or Mrs. di Monteiro left no children."

"And I cannot help thinking she has. When is the funeral to take place?"

"The day after to-morrow. Meantime, had you not better take up your residence in S— Square? The house is yours, and probably every thing in it."

"No, Kenrick; I could not stand the house, nor could Mrs. Wilton, I am sure. I shall remain at the hotel where we now are. After the funeral we must examine the poor old man's letters and papers; we may find some clew to the real heir among them."

Meantime an outline of the story began to be told at the clubs and dinner-tables, now throbbing with the convulsive life of the season.

To the older members of society the name of Wilton had once been familiar, but Ralph had little beyond regimental renown and a high reputation at the Horse Guards. Now, however, that he was supposed to have inherited the estates as well as the title of Lord St. George, relatives and connections gathered round him "thick as leaves that fall in Vallombrosa."

Ella was at first bewildered, as well as surprised, at the numerous cards and polite inquiries for Lord and Lady St. George, until Wilton unfolded the whole history for her enlightenment, and expended some bad language on the annoyance of being thus saddled with a title he could not support. Still he was sufficiently alive to the necessity of his position to insist on his wife's supplying herself with proper and fashionable mourning at the most select milliner's he could find out. The result delighted him and appalled Ella. The garments were certainly becoming, but never in her simple life had she seen so much money paid for clothes.

The operation of examining the papers and letters of one lately alert and ready to defend the privacy of his inner life is full of mournfulness. Even when the deceased has been neither well known or loved, there is deep pathos in the silent appeal of death. All the secrets of the now empty "prison-

house" lie bare and at the mercy of a successor, who may be the last to whom the released tenant would have exposed them. Although Ralph Wilton was far from being a sentimentalist, he felt this keenly when, assisted by Mr. Kenrick, he proceeded to examine the late viscount's *escritoire*, and various caskets, cabinets, and jewel-cases, in hopes of finding some trace of his possible successor. There lay, in profusion, the graceful trinkets bestowed with lavish hand on his wife and child, exquisite enamels, carved onyx clasps and brooches, costly fans, old-fashioned *bijouterie*—all the beautiful artistic trifles which accumulate in an ancient and wealthy family. The more important jewels were of course kept at the bank, but quantities of valuable nothings were scattered about the rooms—miniatures of fair women and lovely children, and one beautiful face in every stage of development, from an infant peeping out from its rich surrounding of lace and satin to a stately, gracious *démouille* in court dress. These portraits were all in rooms and cabinets the most distant, dust-covered, and evidently rarely opened. All bore somewhere about the frame the initials E. L. A., sometimes plain, sometimes entwined in a monogram.

"These are all portraits of Miss St. George," said the lawyer, in the low tone they both unconsciously adopted. "You can scarcely wonder that such a marriage should almost have driven her father mad. He hardly thought royalty good enough for her."

"What, in Heaven's name, made her throw herself away on a foreigner?" exclaimed Wilton. "How could she be so mad?"

"Hum!" said Mr. Kenrick, dryly; "imprudent marriages are always incomprehensible, except to those that commit them."

Wilton looked up for a moment, with a flash of indignation in his quick, brown eyes, which, passing rapidly away, gave place to a good-humored smile.

"You are right," said he; "no outsiders can quite judge the force of our unreasoning reasons. You had better dine with us to-day, and let me present you to Mrs. Wilton."

"I imagine she expects you to present me to Lady St. George."

"You are mistaken. She is utterly indifferent to titles—more indifferent than I am; but you will dine with us?"

"I shall be most happy."

But they sought in vain; no trace existed of the viscount's erring daughter after the period of her disgraceful marriage. Of private correspondence very little remained, and it was decided to advertise for the information they wanted.

"Let us have some talk with Saunders," suggested Wilton; "he was so much with Lord St. George that he may be able to give us some clew to what we want."

The serious-looking valet was therefore summoned, and the lawyer shortly explained to him the state of affairs.

"I believe there was an application of some kind made to my lord respecting his daughter," said he, slowly and reflectively; "but it was a long time back—nearly three years ago."

"Tell us what you know about it," said Wilton.

"It was in the summer-time, just before we left for Scotland that year, and my lord was not very well, when one morning the hall-porter called me and said there was a foreign gentleman wanted to see my lord about a picture. I knew he expected one or two he had bought in Italy, a few weeks before, to be sent after him—the only thing he seemed to care about lately was art; so I went and spoke to the gentleman—for, though he was a queer-looking customer, he did not seem a common fellow. He spoke a sort of broken French, but not Italian, and added that he had called to see Lord St. George about a picture. So, as he seemed quite fit to speak to my lord, I went and told him. He says, 'Show the fellow up.' I did so, and left them together. I waited outside, in case my lord should want me, and presently I heard them thundering at each other in Italian—not that my lord spoke very loud, but there was that in his voice as would make any man jump. Presently he rang very sharp; I went in and found him half-raised in his chair, holding on by the sides as if he would dig his fingers into them, as white as marble, and his eyes blazing fire. There was some torn paper lying at his feet, and a picture in an open case on the floor at a little distance. The foreign chap," continued the valet, warming into naturalness, "was standing looking at him with a dark frown on his face—the sort of murderous scowl those Italians can put on—and I went close up between them, lest he might draw a knife. 'Turn this scoundrel out!' says my lord; 'and mark him, Saunders; if you ever find him loitering about the place, hand him over to the police!' With that the foreigner gave an odd sort of smile, and said a few words in Italian, hissing them through his teeth. My lord's face changed as he listened, but he waved his hand toward the door; and the other, with a deep, low bow, walked out. My lord had a sort of fainting-fit, and I was a good deal taken up with him, but I kept the picture, thinking the Italian might come back for it; but he did not. I think it is a miniature of my lord's daughter, for it is very like all the other portraits."

"But the pieces of torn paper," asked the lawyer, quickly—"did you not by accident see if any thing was written on them, and what?"

"Well, sir, as I was picking them up, I did see that the writing was English, though a foreign-looking hand; but all I could make out was, 'Your only daughter's only child so soon to be an orphan.' Then my lord fainted away; and when I looked for them again the stupid girl had swept them up. I can bring you the picture, if you wish."

"By all means," said Colonel Wilton; and the man left the room—"I wish to Heaven," he continued, "he had kept the letter instead of the picture! We have portraits enough of the unhappy girl; the letter might have put us on the track of the heir or heiress. Do you think this Italian was the husband?"

"Di Monteiro was, I believe, a Spaniard; but Saunders might mistake Spanish for Italian; and then the statement in the letter—

'the only child of his daughter so soon to be an orphan'—that might be by the death of either father or mother. But, no; it is quite twenty years since the mother died."

Here the return of Saunders interrupted the lawyer's conjectures.

"This is the picture," he said, unfolding it from some silver-paper in which it was carefully wrapped. The case of dark-purple leather had a foreign look; on opening it a lovely face, most exquisitely painted, appeared. It was unmistakably the same as that so frequently represented in the deserted chambers of the mansion, but changed and saddened and spiritualized in expression.

"This is very beautiful," said Wilton, looking long and earnestly upon it. "Though evidently the same face as the others, there is something familiar to me in it which the others have not. I can fancy a man daring a good deal for such a woman as this! However, it brings us no clew. We must consult some of these wonderful detective fellows, and try what can be done by extensive advertising. You must now feel satisfied that my poor cousin has left an heir or heiress."

"Heiress, I trust," replied Kenrick. "A foreign Bohemian, with the recklessness of poverty, and perhaps Communist principles, would be a terrible representative of the house of Wilton; a woman would be less dangerous."

"Nevertheless, quite as objectionable, unless caught very young; and, according to your account, she must be past twenty. However, we can do no more to-day; and, by Jove, it is nearly six o'clock! Mrs. Wilton was to have met me in Kensington Gardens on her return from a visit at Notting Hill. I shall be scarcely in time to meet her. We dine at seven-thirty, and shall have the pleasure of seeing you?"

"I shall be most happy; I am very anxious to have the honor of making Mrs. Wilton's acquaintance."

"Well, then, will you be so good as to take charge of this picture? I see you have your inevitable black bag, and it is rather large for my pocket. Pray, bring it with you this evening. My wife is a true artist, and will be charmed with it."

In these days of pressing occupation, it was a rich treat to Ella and Wilton to have an hour or two uninterrupted together. A visit to some of the art-exhibitions, to the opera, or to a good play, was sufficient to brighten whole days of comparative loneliness. Ella was eminently reasonable. She never tormented her husband to know why he was not in time, or indulged in querulousness if he was compelled to break an engagement. She knew he regretted it as much as she did, and was satisfied.

On this occasion she had waited patiently, sitting under a tree near the Bayswater Gate for nearly a quarter of an hour before the sight of her husband's soldierly, distinguished figure, approaching rapidly, made her heart leap for joy.

"I am late! but I could not help it. And what have you been doing? How is the benevolent Mrs. Kershaw?"

"Very well, indeed; but a little indignant

because we did not take her 'drawing-rooms,' which were vacant when we came to town, instead of going to be cheated, as she says, 'up and down' at an hotel."

"And what did you say?" asked Wilton, drawing his wife's hand through his arm as they strolled toward town.

"Oh! I told her you had so much to do, that Melina Villas was too far away. But, O dearest Ralph, I really think dear old Diego must have called there while we were in Normandy. Mrs. Kershaw was out, unfortunately, but the servant described a 'tall, black-looking gentleman, who had very little English.' He asked first for Mrs. Kershaw, and then for me. Now, no one could ask for me but Diego."

"And, my darling, what is Diego like? is he a gentleman?" asked Wilton, rather doubtfully.

"Yes, certainly a gentleman; but not like you. He wears a velvet coat—it is charming when it is new; but he has not always money, then it gets shabby; I have seen it broken at the elbows; and he has a felt hat—oh! such a beautiful hat at first—but—I fear he sleeps in it sometimes, for it gets much bent. But, when Diego has his purse full, and new clothes, he is lovely! I have sketched him when they were new, and mended them when they were old. He is handsome, like a *Salvator-Rosa* brigand. You would think he could kill; and he is really as gentle and simple as a child. You are much more fierce yourself, Ralph"—looking up lovingly into his eyes, with very little fear in her own. "How I should like to see him again!" she continued; "if we meet, you must ask him to dinner."

Wilton laughed heartily.

"If we do meet, I shall; but he will be a curious guest. Let us have our distinguished cousin, St. George, to meet him."

"Would it annoy you, Ralph, to have poor Diego to dinner?"

"No, love; but don't ask him to live with us, I could not stand that."

"Nor I," said Ella, quietly.

Talking pleasantly, they enjoyed the sunshine of a lovely afternoon, till Wilton, looking at his watch, declared they would be late for dinner, and hailed a hansom.

It was very gratifying to Wilton to observe the effect produced by Ella on the sedate Mr. Kenrick, who was an old-young man. Her unconsciousness of self gave her a high-bred composure; her perfect freedom from provincialism—the result of having acquired English almost as a foreign tongue—an air of refinement, and her natural, simple readiness to listen, only caring to speak when she really had something to say, gave a charm to her conversation which greatly impressed the cool, hard-headed man of business. However blind love may be, no man, unless below the average of intelligence, is so hoodwinked as not to see when other men think he has a good excuse for his imprudence or not.

The gentlemen did not sit long after Ella had left them, and, on joining her, Mr. Kenrick observed, "I have brought the picture, Colonel Wilton, as it is your pleasure to be so called."

And he handed a small parcel to Wilton, who, opening it, said, "Look at this, Ella."

She was cutting the leaves of a book which Wilton had bought that morning, and, looking up quickly, exclaimed: "Ah! how good of you! you have found my picture for me. Where did you find it?"

"Your picture! what do you mean?" he asked.

"The picture of my mother, which was lost."

"You are under some mistake. I do not think you ever saw this before."

"I have seen it all my life; it is my mother's picture."

"Your mother's!" exclaimed Wilton and the lawyer together; "impossible."

"Yet it is so. If you raise the frame here, at the side, you can take it out of the case, and you will find her name at the back—Elizabeth Louisa Adelaide di Monteiro—mine is formed from the initials of her Christian name."

The lawyer and Wilton eagerly obeyed, and found the inscription as she had described.

"This is very extraordinary!" exclaimed Wilton.

"It appears, then," said Mr. Kenrick, "that, by a rare accident, you have married your own cousin, and Lord St. George's heirless. The title and estates are united."

"How? what does he mean?" asked Ella.

"Tell me, Ella, was Monteiro your father's name?"

"Yes, one of them. His mother was a wealthy Spanish lady, his father an Englishman. He was partly brought up in Spain, by his mother's people, in her name; he was early an orphan, and, I imagine, very extravagant. Afterward, when immersed in politics, he found it more useful to use his father's name of Rivers. He was peculiarly averse to mention my mother. I never knew her family name. Her picture was always a sacred thing. My father, who might have been a great artist, painted it himself. Now, tell me, what do your questions mean?"

Whereupon Wilton, holding her hand in his, told her, as shortly as he could, the strange story of her mother's marriage and disappearance; of the displeasure of her grandfather at his (Wilton's) disregard of his wishes in the choice of a wife; of the consequent destruction of the will, and the difficulty in which he and Mr. Kenrick found themselves as regarded the next-of-kin; with a running accompaniment from the lawyer touching the nature, extent, and peculiarities of the property inherited by the obscure little heroine of Wilton's railway adventure.

"All this mine, which ought to have been yours!" said Ella, when they were at last silent; "or, rather, yours through me—I do not seem able to understand or take it in." She pressed her hand to her brow. "Dearest, you believed in me, and loved me, when I was desolate and poor, and utterly insignificant; now I am thankful that I can bring you wealth; but, oh! I gave you most when I gave you my whole heart!"

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO VISCOUNT ST. GEORGE, FROM MAJOR MONCRIEF, —TH RIFLES.

"I shall certainly be with you on the 12th if nothing unforeseen occurs. I feel exceedingly curious to see you in your new home, and to thank Lady St. George personally for the plenary absolution she has so kindly extended to me. I confess myself guilty of the cold-blooded worldliness you lay to my charge, while I acknowledge that few men have had a better excuse for a piece of extraordinary imprudence. If we were mere bundles of high-toned emotions, sympathies, and aspirations, marriages on your system might answer; but, being as we are, much more animal than spiritual, more self-seeking than sympathetic, it is wise to act on the impulse of a temporary brain or blood fever, which puts a certain set of fancies and desires in violent action for a time, only to be overtaken and swept away by the everlasting flow of every-day wants, ambitions, and motives, which always run their course, however excitement may blind us? But I am growing too profound for an old soldier; the upshot of the argument is that I stand to my opinion in a general sense; your extraordinary luck in no way touches it. But I most warmly rejoice in your good fortune; and, though I greatly regret your quitting the old regiment, I am not surprised that your new position necessitates the step. Yours is no common story; and I little thought, when I was 'taken prophetic' the day you 'interviewed' poor old St. George, that so fair a lot would be the ending of 'Ralph Wilton's Weir.'

"Always your sincere friend,

"A. MONCRIEF."

THE END.

OLIVER'S WIFE.

I.

MISS RITCHIE sat by the fire in her comfortable parlor, serenely indifferent to the November storm that was raging without. It was Sunday afternoon, and she was left entirely to the company of her own thoughts; for her brother, the well-known Mr. Dudley Ritchie, was taking his accustomed nap in the library at the end of the hall; and her impecunious cousin, Miss Winifred, was silently staring out of the bay-window that looked upon the street. Miss Winifred could not resist the front-windows, especially on Sunday afternoons, though she knew that Miss Ritchie thought it "low" to be seen there.

But Miss Ritchie, when left thus to the company of her own thoughts, made it an invariable rule to turn her back, literally and metaphorically, upon Miss Winifred's want of decorum; and as she sat so still and upright in her straight-back chair, with the stiff folds of her brown-satin dress disposed in stately grace, and her fair, slender hands clasped apathetically in her lap, she was thinking, with her usual self-complacency, how very satisfactory it was to be a Ritchie, and to lead so comfortable and proper a life as she led. She said to herself, and she

would not have hesitated to say as much to the world, that she was now reaping the reward of the praiseworthy discretion of her youth in an exemption from all burdensome and harassing cares.

And certainly Miss Ritchie had, in her youth, exercised unusual discretion. It was no secret in Westover that neither the opportunity nor the temptation to make what she would have called an imprudent marriage had been wanting to this formal woman, who was still handsome in spite of gray hairs and faded cheeks, but she had been proof alike against her lover's ardor and against the pleadings of her own heart, for Miss Ritchie certainly had a heart—a cold and formal one. Tom Crafts, the only lover Miss Ritchie ever had, was but a clerk in her uncle's bank when he fell in love with the beautiful Janet; and the beautiful Janet, who was then as poor as himself, for a very brief season so far forgot herself as to dream of love in a cottage; but "Consideration, like an angel, came," and dealt with the treacherous dream as it dealt with "the offending Adam" in the breast of the new-made king, and Miss Ritchie was herself again, incapable of regret. Tom Crafts married the pretty daughter of a poor music-master, and forgot Miss Ritchie; but Miss Ritchie never forgot Tom Crafts. She was never weary of telling herself how wise she had been to refuse a man that had died and left his orphan daughter without a penny.

Proud and happy mothers, renewing their youth in the companionship of pretty young daughters, pitied poor Miss Ritchie's "lonely and self-fixed existence;" but Miss Ritchie herself envied no woman her daughters. Youth, with its ardor, its follies, its caprices, its restlessness, and its inexperience, had no attractions for her, and when communing with her own heart she was not pining for rejuvenating society; she was telling herself, over and over again, that she had done all things well, that she had nothing to regret, and nothing to reproach herself with. Had she not, ever since his wife's early death, presided over her brother's household so entirely to his satisfaction that he had never thought of marrying again? (So Miss Ritchie believed.) Had she not trained up young Oliver in the most exemplary manner? (Oliver, probably, would have denied the perfection of his aunt's system; but when did young people ever appreciate the care exercised over them?)

Miss Ritchie would not acknowledge that she had any thing to reproach herself with, yet, when she thought of Oliver, she sighed; for well she knew that all the world of Westover, led by that highly-respectable gossip, Mrs. Bland, who lived opposite, declared it to be no marvel that young Ritchie did not love to stay at home, seeing how very strict his aunt had always been with him.

Neither Mrs. Bland nor any one else could make Miss Ritchie regret the rigid discipline she had exercised over Oliver in his boyhood; but she could not ignore the fact that he was eager to seize every opportunity to escape from his father's roof, and she had begun of late to think that it would be well for her nephew to marry. But her ideal Mrs. Oliver

Ritchie did not resemble any one of the pretty Westover girls, in each of whom she saw so much to condemn. The Mrs. Oliver Ritchie that her fancy sketched was a modified reflection of herself—for Miss Ritchie's rather tame imagination traveled in the round of her accustomed thoughts, which were always occupied with her own excellences. Yet, Miss Ritchie was no idle dreamer. Having determined that Oliver ought to marry, she was of too practical a temper to join her expectations to a mere coinage of her brain; and as no young lady of her acquaintance could possibly fulfill her requirements, she fixed upon one she had never seen. But when she thought of this girl of her choice, beautiful, as common report asserted, wealthy beyond all question, of a good family, and still young enough to be moulded according to the desired type, Miss Ritchie sighed more deeply than before, for she could see no probability whatever that little Miss Carleon, though she was Mr. Ritchie's ward, would ever fall under her jurisdiction. She lived in a distant town with her aunt, an eccentric maiden lady, whom, in years long past, Miss Ritchie had known, but had not liked, and who disliked Miss Ritchie even more than Miss Ritchie disliked her. This feud, though a tacit one, prevented all visiting, except on the part of Mr. Ritchie, who went to Rodney, where the Carleons lived, once or twice a year. Miss Ritchie had felt that, under the circumstances, she could not condescend to solicit a correspondence with the young lady, but she now saw that it would not do to build her hopes of Oliver's future upon her brother's occasional visits, and she began seriously to study a diplomatic letter.

But Miss Ritchie was not so absorbed in the composition of this letter as to become oblivious of her comfort. She soon perceived that the fire needed replenishing, and she did not intend to sit in the cold.

"Winifred," she said, without turning her head, for, though she had not heard her cousin enter, she knew that she must be at the window—"Winifred, will you ring for coals?" she spoke not unkindly, indeed, but in a tone of command that marked the wide difference between herself and this penniless cousin.

No two women could be more unlike than these two. Miss Winifred—whose existence proved to the world that there were Ritchies and Ritchies—was short and stout, and altogether commonplace. She was not exactly shabby, but she dressed so badly that Miss Ritchie habitually avoided looking at her. Inordinately fond of gossip, she was content to shiver in the cold the whole afternoon for the mere chance of seeing a stray umbrella bobbing about in the storm. But something more exciting than an umbrella at last rewarded her watchfulness; and, just as Miss Ritchie issued her command, Miss Winifred, disregarding of dignity and propriety, was flattening her nose against the window-pane, in eager scrutiny of a carriage that, after several vacillating turns, finally stopped at the gate.

"To be sure, it can't be Oliver," exclaimed Miss Winifred.

"Winifred!" said Miss Ritchie, severely,

pushing back her chair in order to discover what prevented her cousin from obeying her behest; but, seeing only that Miss Winifred's broad back obscured the light, she turned away offended, and rang for coals herself.

"No, it is not Oliver!" exclaimed Miss Winifred, happily unconscious of her cousin's displeasure. "It—it is a girl, if I may credit my eyes! And coming in here!—Janet, who can she be? Shall I go to the door?"

"Certainly not," replied Miss Ritchie, with emphasis; "and pray come away from the window."

But Miss Winifred's curiosity was stronger than her regard for her cousin, and she remained at the window, watching the little figure enveloped in water-proof and hood that came running up the walk.

"It is very strange," said this self-constituted sentinel, confidentially, to the window-pane; "the carriage has actually left her on our hands. We have no female relatives. She must be an adventuress. I'll caution Warren." And away she rushed into the hall.

Both the parlor-bell and the door-bell failed to rouse Warren from his slumbers by the fire in the kitchen, and Miss Winifred gladly seized the opportunity to open the door herself; but she took good care to open it in such a way as to oppose any attempt at entrance.

"Is this Mr. Ritchie's house?" asked the stranger, a somewhat travel-worn young girl, bending upon Miss Winifred a look so scrutinizing that the simple soul's suspicions took instant alarm, and, remembering that the house was the joint property of the brother and sister, she answered, very discreetly, "N—ot exactly."

"Surely Mr. Dudley Ritchie lives here?" said the girl, impatiently.

"Y—es," stammered Miss Winifred, feeling that she was driven into a corner.

"Then it's all right," said the invader, against whom Miss Winifred, nevertheless, continued to bar the way.

The wind-driven rain rushed through the inhospitable door during this parley, and the chill air penetrated to the parlor, whence Miss Ritchie, feeling that her comfort was menaced, cried out, sharply:

"Winifred, what is the meaning of this delay? Ask the person in, and shut the door."

"That must be Miss Ritchie!" exclaimed the girl, who had decided in her own mind that Miss Winifred must be the house-keeper. She darted past her at one bound, and rushed unceremoniously into the parlor, where, in her impetuosity, she stumbled over a foot-stool, and sank, all dripping wet as she was, at Miss Ritchie's feet.

Miss Ritchie was not suspicious; she did not suppose, like Miss Winifred, that this girl harbored designs against the house of Ritchie, but she was unprepared for an approach so heedless, and her dignity was offended. She rose in some trepidation, and remained standing, while Miss Winifred, now that she was no longer inflated by excitement, retired behind a chair, upon which she leaned heavily, as one who "awaits the issue in repose."

"Oh, dear, you really must excuse me!" panted the girl, without offering to rise. "I am so dizzy and so tired." She threw off her water-proof and hood as she spoke, revealing a thin, dark face shaded by heavy masses of brown hair, and wonderfully lighted by large, dark eyes, red lips, and gleaming teeth. "I should have been here yesterday evening, you see," she continued, "but I never traveled alone before, and some way I missed connection. I am Frances, you know?" she added, abruptly; but, as Miss Ritchie's face plainly expressed that she did not know, Miss Frances exclaimed, petulantly, "Why, weren't you expecting me?"

Miss Ritchie was, for a moment, silent from surprise and perplexity, and Miss Winifred seized the opportunity to say, officiously:

"Expecting you? No, indeed; and we don't know anybody named Frances."

Frances frowned and stared, wondering secretly why Miss Ritchie did not desire this horrid woman to leave the room.

"Who sent you?" Miss Winifred asked, defiantly, for she began to feel valiant, now that she had fairly assumed the right to cope with this bold intruder.

"Nobody; I came of my own accord," Frances answered, so haughtily that Miss Winifred instantly subsided, with a meekly apologetic—

"Ah, indeed!"

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Ritchie, who had a confused notion that she ought to recognize the name of Frances, "but I—did not hear—"

"Frances—Frances Carleon," said the girl, impatiently. "Of course, Miss Ritchie, you know who I am?"

Miss Ritchie checked the exclamation that rose to her lips, and sat down. The sight of Miss Carleon, the heiress, who absorbed so much of her thoughts, startled her like an apparition; yet, even in that moment of surprise, she saw her, not as Miss Carleon, but as Oliver's prospective wife, and, looking critically at the little creature sitting at her feet, she decided that this girl was much too insignificant in appearance to be worthy to bear so distinguished a name as Ritchie. However, as sober second thought suggested that the young lady had other attractions besides her reputed beauty, Miss Ritchie forgave her apparent want of style.

"Pray have a chair," she said, rising again, and holding out her hand to Frances.

"Weren't you expecting me?" repeated Frances, uneasily, and disregarding the invitation which Miss Ritchie would gladly have repeated as a command, for her rigid sense of propriety was inexpressibly shocked by Miss Carleon's unstudied position, graceful though it was. "Weren't you expecting me?" repeated Frances, still anxiously.

Miss Ritchie hesitated; she was too matter-of-fact for any kind of evasion, and she did not like to confess how very unexpected Miss Carleon's advent was to her.

"I wrote to Mr. Ritchie," continued Frances, in an aggrieved tone, "and entreated him to come for me; but I could not wait for him, I was obliged to come away. I think he might have written. I took it for granted that my

guardian's house would afford me a refuge in my extremity." And Frances began to cry.

Miss Ritchie sat still and looked at her helplessly. She might have soothed her, perhaps, by the assurance that, though unexpected, she was not unwelcome, but she was too much occupied with the problem how to open this young person's eyes to the heinousness of sitting upon the floor in such abandon. All her life long Miss Ritchie had sat up properly in a straight-backed chair, and she thought that all young girls should do the same.

"I would recommend you to have a chair, Miss Carleon," she said, a little stiffly.

"Carleon! Carleon!" repeated Miss Winifred, officiously dragging forward a chair, with a great clatter. "I didn't catch the name before, or I should have known at once that you are Cousin Dudley's ward. Why, you are a sort of daughter of the house, to be sure; and, indeed, there's a pretty chance that you may become a daughter in name." Miss Ritchie turned deliberately and looked at her inconsiderate cousin, but the look was without effect, for Miss Winifred's back was turned. "There's our Oliver, you know; just the sort of person to take a young girl's fancy," pursued Miss Winifred, garrulously; but, turning suddenly, as she delivered this unlucky speech, Miss Ritchie's withering glance fell upon her, and she quailed visibly, adding, with haste, "I mean, he is not that sort of person at all." She stopped abruptly, conscious that she had offended, but not understanding how.

"Winifred!" said Miss Ritchie, with studied calmness, "ring again for coals; and send some one to call Mr. Ritchie."

"Oh, yes, do!" said Frances, eagerly.

Miss Winifred obeyed with an alacrity that evinced her anxiety to atone for her indiscreet speeches; and Frances, to Miss Ritchie's great relief, rose and stood by the fire, while the drowsy Warren, who had at last brought the coals, stole many an inquisitive glance at her.

"Take away Miss Carleon's wraps, Warren," said Miss Ritchie, pointedly, "and tell Anita to make a fire in the west room."

Just as Warren disappeared Mr. Ritchie entered, with a cross, bewildered look; for Miss Winifred, who trotted close behind him, had herself undertaken to call him, and she had not succeeded in making him understand clearly what was wanted of him; but the moment he saw Frances his face lighted up. He was a fine-looking, middle-aged gentleman, very neat in his dress and very quick and light in his movements. As Frances turned toward him, he walked rapidly down the long room with his hands stretched out to welcome her.

"You here! you here!" he cried, evidently surprised, yet pleased, too. "Why, child, what made you so hasty?"

Frances pouted.

"One would think that you do not care to see me," she said, pettishly.

"Not wish to see you, indeed! when I have been pleading for a visit from you for months past?"

Miss Ritchie opened her eyes at this; for her brother had never given her the slightest

intimation that he had been trying to induce Miss Carleon to visit Westover, and she began to suspect, for the first time, that he, like herself, meditated a match between his ward and his son.

"Did you get my letter? And why did you not come as I asked?" said Frances, eagerly.

She had, in reality, no doubt that her guardian was pleased to receive her; and, having been prepared to find Miss Ritchie exceedingly stiff and formal, she was not at all abashed by that stately lady.

"Your letter?" said Mr. Ritchie, beginning to laugh. "Why, yes; and I should have gone to Rodney to-morrow, or next day; but I am infinitely obliged to you for saving me the trouble of going so far, merely to convince you that it does not necessarily follow, when a man of the world pays an elderly lady delicate attentions for the sake of her pretty young niece, that the elderly lady is going to lose her head and heart both."

"Oh, doesn't it?" said Frances, dryly. "Then why did she marry him last Thursday?"

"What!" said Mr. Ritchie, dropping her hands, and recoiling a step or two.

"Susan Carleon married—at her age!" exclaimed Miss Ritchie. "It is incredible."

Frances answered by a series of little nods directed at Mr. Ritchie, and then said, triumphantly:

"I told you so."

"She is five years older than I," said Miss Ritchie, virtuously; but, in her secret soul, she was much obliged to Miss Susan Carleon for committing an act that had driven Frances to the shelter of her guardian's roof.

"Frances, you should have remonstrated," said Mr. Ritchie.

"But I did remonstrate," said Frances, with flashing eyes, "up to the very last minute; and what good has it done? Aunt told me to make up my mind to call Mr. Hodges uncle, and I'll die first! *I'll die first!* The horrid, hateful old bald-headed baboon!"

"Oh, my soul!" gasped Miss Winifred, faintly. ("What manner of girl was this," she asked herself, "that dared use such language in Miss Ritchie's presence?") And Miss Ritchie, gathering, involuntarily, her skirts closer around her, asked herself the same question. Mr. Ritchie laughed. He had the good sense to perceive that full liberty to express her overwrought feelings would be better for Frances than any amount of coaxing.

"You—you may laugh!" Frances cried, passionately; "but it is no joke to me. To think of my aunt, my own aunt, that I thought was devoted to me, married to that old"—here followed a long and direful pause, during which Miss Ritchie drew herself up to her fullest height, Mr. Ritchie struggled with his inclination to laugh, and Miss Winifred stood gaping for the next word—"hyena! There!" Miss Frances concluded, with an hysterical burst of weeping.

Miss Winifred uttered a faint and mouse-like squeak.

"Such exaggerations are unbecoming," said Miss Ritchie, loftily, moved at last to utter her protest by the reflection that if she

designed to marry this girl to her nephew she could not begin too soon to train her for the enviable station she was destined to fill.

"Exaggerations?" repeated Frances, tearfully. "Mr. Ritchie knows that that man is every thing horrid and hateful; and, oh, it was so mean of my aunt to throw me over for him, to leave me to the mercy of a cold and heartless world."

"Come, Frances, now indeed you do exaggerate," said Mr. Ritchie. "Be reasonable. Your aunt's marriage is certainly to be regretted; in my opinion it was ill-advised, but it cannot be helped, and, after all, she has not done so badly. I do not admire her husband, but he is neither a baboon nor a hyena, and when you are calmer you will do him justice."

"No I won't," said Frances; "I won't have any thing to do with him."

Mr. Ritchie laughed. On the whole, he was not sorry that Frances showed herself so implacable, yet he thought it became him to talk of reconciliation.

"Yes, you will," he said; "Hodges is esteemed by every one, and some day you'll learn to like him better than you do me."

"Hodges!" repeated Miss Winifred. "I wonder, now, if he isn't brother to the Hodges that married my cousin Jemima Stacy?"

But, as nobody enlightened her, she resolved to write to her cousin Jemima and ascertain the fact.

"I tell you," said Frances, excitedly, "I never will. I don't want to hear of him. Don't talk to me as though you meant to drive me back."

"To drive you back! O Frances! what an expression!" said Mr. Ritchie, quite shocked. "As if we would not all be glad to have you domiciled with us! Not I alone, but my sister Janet here, and my cousin Miss Winifred, who is one of us, will regard you as a child of the house."

Miss Ritchie murmured a formal acquiescence in this sentiment, but it was lost in Miss Winifred's energetic exclamation:

"Law, yes; and Oliver, too, you know. P'raps he'd stay at home more for pleasant company."

Mr. Ritchie frowned. "Has the stupid creature blundered upon my wishes?" he thought; but he said nothing, for fear of making matters worse.

Miss Winifred saw the frown, and in her trepidation would speedily have made matters worse without further provocation, had not Miss Ritchie came to the rescue with a peremptory request that she would see whether Miss Carleon's room was ready, as doubtless Miss Carleon would be glad to rest.

Miss Winifred went, sorely against her will, for she would fain have seen the end of the interesting interview; but she consoled herself with the reflection that she could talk it all over with Mrs. Bland on the morrow, as she felt they were fated to meet in the course of the morning.

Nor was she deceived. Mrs. Bland, like Miss Winifred, haunted the front-windows, and of course, after the glimpse she had caught of Frances running up the walk through the storm, she wished to know all about her. She quickly decided to call the

next morning, "rain or shine;" but she took good care to wait until she saw Miss Ritchie go out to drive. Thus she made sure of a private interview with Miss Winifred; and before night all Westover had heard of Miss Carleon, and all Westover resolved forthwith to call on the young lady who, according to Mrs. Bland's verdict—a verdict unhesitatingly pronounced after a careful hearing of Miss Winifred's evidence—promised to prove more than a match for Miss Ritchie. As even the indomitable Sallie Merle had been known to quail in that formidable presence, there was an immediate prepossession in favor of Frances.

In less than a fortnight, such is the facility of youthful feelings, Miss Carleon had not only numerous intimates among the very girls of whom Miss Ritchie most strongly disapproved, but also a host of devoted admirers that threatened Oliver's prospects seriously.

Very naturally, Miss Ritchie was opposed to Miss Carleon's proceedings; but her manner of expressing disapproval was not calculated to check that young lady in what Miss Ritchie was pleased to term "her mad career of folly and extravagance." Not that Frances was utterly given over to a reprobate mind; but, not feeling sure that she had behaved toward her aunt with due forbearance, she sought to drown the voice of her conscience in any excitement. And she had aiders and abettors enough; for, between Miss Winifred's blundering obtuseness and Mrs. Bland's shrewd conjectures, all Westover knew the designs of the Ritchies in regard to Frances, and all Westover quietly but decidedly arrayed itself on the other side; so that in those days Miss Ritchie was burdened with anxious thought as she had never been burdened before. She must have succumbed to despair, had she not accidentally discovered, what before she had only vaguely surmised, that her brother entertained hopes identical with her own.

But Mr. Ritchie was wiser far than his sister. It was his policy to place no restraint upon his pretty, piquant, young ward, and thus, by a lavish indulgence to her whims (and it cannot be denied that Frances was a spoiled child), and an assiduous devotion to her comfort and pleasure, he acquired an influence over her that the strict and proper Miss Ritchie struggled for in vain.

KAMBA THORPE.

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

LIFE IN RUSSIA.

FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY; HABITS, CHARACTERISTICS, AND TRADITIONS OF THE PEOPLE.

THIRD PAPER.

AMONG the Oriental subjects of the czar the Armenians, one of the most ancient peoples of the universe, and distinguished for their early civilization, are specially worthy of notice. They have now lost most of their individuality of character, and are specially addicted to the pursuits of peace and letters, yet some of the most distinguished soldiers of the Russian army have been of this descent. In physical appearance they rank

with the most beautiful races in the world. They are well proportioned, though of slighter build than the Georgian and Circassian races. Their eyes are large and black, their profile frequently Greek, the forehead perhaps slightly too low, and their chests too flat. Their character is mild and calm; they are polite, unobtrusive, moderate, and remain true to old customs and ancient occupations. Ignorant, perhaps, and uncultivated, they are endowed with considerable capacity and good sense. Their excellent memory favors the acquisition of foreign languages, though their pronunciation is generally defective. The Armenian is essentially rational, sentiment being with him of very secondary consideration; therefore, the literature of the country, once sufficiently rich, contains no poetical production. With the genius of speculation, his address and cunning, he possesses the remarkable faculty of accommodating himself to circumstances, and to conform his occupations to the latter. At home he is farmer, in Russia merchant, and in the Caspian provinces he grows silk-worms. He holds steadfastly to his religion and nationality, and zealously contributes toward the expenses and maintenance of his churches and monasteries. Mutual sympathy, and a strong feeling of national fraternity, bind all Armenians together. They encourage arts and sciences, and strive to give their children the best education their means will allow. Those educated in Russian colleges have made an honorable name for themselves in divers careers. They are patient, diligent, and sober, and their manners insinuating and seductive.

Widely differing in marked respects from the heterogeneous races of Russia, and the most individual and striking of them all, are the fierce and valiant mountaineers of the Caucasus. The history of this indomitable race has been full of romance, and their wars with Russia, which have hardly yet come to an end, are as full of striking episodes as the subjection of the Scottish Highlands at the hands of the English, or that of Algeria by the French. The most interesting period in the history of Daghestan, the principal country of the Caucasus, commenced in 1843, when the mountains became the theatre of the most sanguinary and striking combats. It was among the Lesghians and the Tchetchents that the Russian armies found their most valiant foes. About fifteen years before the great storm of insurrection broke over the Caucasus, the religious, democratic doctrines of the fanatic Kazi-Moullah began to spread themselves through Daghestan and Tchetchenia. These doctrines, under the name of Muridism, masked under a religious pretense important political reforms. Muridism proposed to destroy all the authority of the khans, whom the Russians had intrusted with the administration of law and government. The latter, seeing their rule in jeopardy, commenced the twenty years' war, which furnished the most brilliant proofs of devotion, self-denial, and heroic bravery, on the part of the tribes of the Caucasus. The word "Murid" signifies one desirous of walking in the ways of truth, and was simply a designation given to those who clung to the teachings of the new apostle. Muridism, at

its commencement, exercised but little influence over the tribes, and it was only after it had caused the fall of the Tartar khans and the aristocrats that it gained an astonishing power, for it aroused the love of liberty in the otherwise rude and savage hearts of the mountaineers. It would hardly be excusable to pass over a brief sketch of this remarkable movement, which became such a thorn in the side of Russia, and caused the most powerful monarch in the world the loss of many thousands of his best soldiers.

Kazi-Moullah, at whose birth supernatural phenomena were said to have occurred, was the son of a minor official of the tribe of Karanai (a Lesghian clan), in the last part of the eighteenth century. His youth was spent in the most ardent devotion to study and brooding over his great purpose, which even then had taken root. This remarkable personage was not a mere ardent enthusiast, an anchorite, and a dreamer of dreams. On the other hand, he was, in youth as well as manhood, an Oriental in the full sense of the word—ambitious, callous, cold, serious, and cruel. His character was very well indicated in the fact that he divorced two wives on the first day, on account of their inability to hold their tongues. The first ideas of Muridism had already been propagated by another fanatic, Moullah-Mahomet, who had gone through the mountains preaching with fiery eloquence, and crying: "*Kazavat! Kazavat! the time of the Mohammedans has come!*" which was speedily taken up in every home-stead of Daghestan. The alarm of the Russian officials was quieted by the sudden disappearance of this Oriental Peter the Hermit, but a more dangerous teacher and prophet, Kazi-Moullah, succeeded, teaching a rigid code of morals, and a complete reform of religion, social life, and politics. His adherents swelled to a formidable figure, and three other missionaries, among whom was the valiant Schamyl, joined his propaganda. So great was the influence of the new apostles that, in a few years, intemperance, the national vice of the Caucasus, was entirely suppressed. Kazi-Moullah's disciples became known as Murids. At the end of 1829, on the return of the Russian army from a successful campaign against Persia, Daghestan was already filled with the elements of a general conflagration. Koissoubou, Goubbet, Andia, and other small tribes on the Koïssou-Andi, as well as the Koïssou of Avaria, half Targi, and all the Avarian villages except the Khounzakh, obeyed Kazi-Moullah, who then carried a scheme in his head for uniting the tribes for a march against Constantinople. He openly preached war against Russia, and against all who did not strictly obey the law of the Shariat, and at once began the sanguinary campaign of Daghestan. Killed at the storming of Ghimri, in 1832, his death created profound sensation. His body had been found, grasping his beard with one hand while the other was stretched forth toward heaven; a circumstance which the fanatical multitude interpreted as an incentive to prolong the war unto death. Before long a successor of Kazi-Moullah, similar in principles and zeal, an active, violent, intrepid, and audacious leader, was found in Hamzat-Bek,

of Avaria. Member of a good family, he, with the aid of Asslan, Khan of Kurim, upset the khans of Avaria. He was assassinated in 1834 by the brother of Khadji-Mourad, who afterward became the well-known Murid chief. The fall of the khans had united most of the tribes. At the first news of Hamzat-Bek's death, Schamyl, with two hundred devoted Murids, burst into the *woïl* (village) of Novogotsati, confiscated the treasure of Hamzat-Bek, declared himself his successor, and was universally recognized as "*imam*."

Schamyl (Schamil, Chamouil, or Samuel) was born at Ghimri, about 1799. His father was a poor shepherd of the name of Dinckavu. His infancy was spent in poverty; he then became peddler, traveling fish-monger, then a singer in wine-houses, juggler, and what not; but, gifted with much spirit and force of character, he joined Kazi-Moullah, and began to play his inspired part. Less religious than Kazi-Moullah, less impetuous than Hamzat-Bek, Schamyl surpassed both by his spirit, perseverance, quick-sightedness, and his ability of seizing the right moment for his daring deeds. Already, under Hamzat-Bek, he had occupied a very high position. In 1837 he was repeatedly beaten by the Russians, who, in 1839, took Akhoulgo, a fortress situated on an inaccessible rock. His flight from the ruin was considered a miracle. Daghestan having become untenable for him, he made Tchetchnia his land of refuge and theatre of action by taking up his residence at Dargo, in Itchkeria, on the mountains of Andi. In 1842 he reigned over one hundred and thirty thousand families (six hundred thousand souls) of Daghestan, and thirty-five thousand families of the Tchetchents living to the north of the Andi Mountains. This population, under his command, formed a compact military body. Every man, from the age of sixteen to sixty, had to serve. He paid particular attention to his cavalry, and had a body-guard of six hundred picked, unmarried Murids, whose business it was also to watch over the political and religious opinions of the people, and who were consequently much feared. He also introduced a new system of taxes, and made the people believe that he was in constant correspondence with Turkey and the Pasha of Egypt. He managed to make the people look upon him as a man living under a particular and divine dispensation by his miraculous escapes, long retreats, prayers, and frequent fasts. His policy was somewhat Macchiavellian; for he held the Lesghians and Tchetchents in mutual dependence. He was a true genius, who on a different field would doubtless have become one of the most important historical personages.

In 1843 the Russians opened the campaign with superior numbers, and altogether different tactics. The year 1845 saw the taking of Dargo, Schamyl's residence; but, although a fine feat of arms, it had no immediate result, as Schamyl only transferred his headquarters to a still more inaccessible fortress. The Caucasian chief's prestige having been impaired in Daghestan, he transferred the seat of war to Tchetchnia, where it remained till 1859, when the Russians subjugated it. Schamyl saw himself reduced

within ever narrowing boundaries, and when the close of the Crimean War enabled the czar to bend his whole energy to subdue the Caucasus, he surrendered to the Russian general, Bariatinsky, after a most heroic defense of the fortress of Goeinb. The emperor honored the old hero with large estates, and assigned him a princely residence. When he first saw him after the capitulation, the generous Alexander fell on Schamyl's neck and gave him a warm embrace. The son of the brave Caucasian chief is now an officer high in rank in the Russian life-guards. Although the general spirit of defiance fell with the surrender of the most daring and gifted of their chiefs, there is a restiveness among the Mohammedan tribes of the Caucasus which still seems at times to threaten trouble.

The leaven of Muridism, Mr. Wahl, who, throughout his comprehensive view of Russian matters, shows much acuteness of observation, thinks has worked too deeply into the hearts of the mountain-tribes to permit the triumph of Christianity for several centuries to come. In addition to this, the habit of a roving, predatory life of revenge on the "*eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth*" principle, is too deeply ingrained to permit their conquerors to look with great satisfaction at the certainty of peace. The Russian Government has, therefore, adopted the policy of removing the Mohammedan tribes gradually into the provinces of the Porte, a step which the latter cabinet heartily favors, as it gives a hardy and valiant addition to the Turkish population. The Christian inhabitants of the Caucasus, embracing the more thrifty and peaceful tribes, on the other hand, live in greater security, and are able to follow a rapid course of improvement and growth without let or hindrance. Such seems the hoped-for solution of the Caucasian problem, and probably no wiser course could be pursued for the permanent good of all the parties interested. The Russian Government has always aimed to extend the advantages of education to the tribes, and the chiefs have been encouraged to send their sons to St. Petersburg for a university training. The general result, though, in the past has been that which has frequently attended the after-career of our own Indians, who have been subjected to civilization and culture—a return again to the condition of barbarism with more highly-skilled faculties for mischief.

The Tartar or Turkish tribes, the purest race of whom is found in Toorkistan, in Asiatic Russia, and numbers about two million two hundred thousand, are the remnants of the vast hordes who, under Tchinggis, or Genghis Khan, united with the Mongol clans, and formed a vast cloud of ruin, threatening the whole of Asia and Eastern Europe in the early part of the thirteenth century. Under Tamerlane, these nomadic warriors again threatened destruction to civilization, but were rolled back again by defeats, and were gradually disintegrated and deprived of strength through the internecine quarrels of Tamerlane's successors. The Tartars of the northern mountains of the Crimea, though not as extensive a tribe in numbers as others, are among the most interesting in character

and customs. They are powerful in frame, with big, black eyes, dark hair and beard, and handsome persons. In the south of the Crimea they have much Greek blood in their veins, with much of the Greek or Roman physiognomy. The form of the Tartar ear is very peculiar, and is probably caused by their habit of wearing the big sheepskin caps. Thus it happens often that the ear is actually broader than it is long. The fairness of the skin of their women, who take care never to expose it to the air, is really extraordinary.

As the Koran forbids them the use of wine, these pious people drink spirits instead, and in large quantities, too. They also brew an intoxicating beverage from rice, which at times is sweet, at others sour, and is called *bowas*, and which they are exceedingly fond of. They have also a great predilection for camel-meat. The Tartars of the plains cut the horse-meat into long strips, and put it under the saddle in order to render it more tender. They are great gamblers. Their education consists in being able to read the Koran and to write in Tartar. The women are not considered to require any education whatever. They marry generally between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, but the men rarely take wives before their thirtieth year. Daughters are sold by their fathers for money or cattle. Excessive familiarity, curiosity, loquacity, cleanliness, and hospitable humor, are the faults and virtues of the Crimean Tartars. They move and work with a certain silent dignity. It is amusing and interesting to watch them clean their houses and take care of their guests. They give vent to their joyous feelings by music and dancing, but each sex by itself. Asiatics dance for the pleasure of dancing itself, while the European does so more for the sake of his partner. They must pray five times a day, and wash face, hands, and feet, before each prayer. The shaving of the head and trimming of the nails is done for the sake of cleanliness. They go to the mosque, or *mesjid*, only in the morning on holidays and during fast, and, before entering, must take off every ornament they may have about their persons. Their mosques are extremely clean, whitewashed, and without ornament, and the floor is covered with a felt carpet. Their fasts are very rigorous. The feast of the "Ramazan," or of the apparition of the Koran, is one continuous fast of thirty days.

The Tartars of the Caucasus are considerably distinguished from the other representatives of the race. The recollection of their past greatness, and the free, wild influences of their mountain-life, have prevented their sinking below a certain level. Before the Mongol invasion, which for several hundred years rested like a blight on the whole of the Russian dominion, they were much more numerous and powerful. The proof of this is found in many imposing ruins of large cities and gigantic aqueducts, to be found in the valleys of the Kam, the Arax, and the steppes of Magauak. These territories, deprived of irrigation, were quickly burnt up and transformed into arid deserts. The stagnant waters engendered malaria and various diseases, and the once opulent population soon showed the baneful effects.

The Tartars are the most productive, industrious, and important element of the Caucasian races. They are well made, and have agreeable features, big eyes, dark complexions, and noses of the Roman type. The women are finely proportioned, slender and elegant, and their charms are much enhanced by a beautiful costume. The latter consists of a short, gold-embroidered tunic, clasped by a belt woven with gold or silver wire, and often studded with turquoises and other gems. The chemise is of red silk, and slightly open in front. They wear exceedingly large and loose pantaloons, and colored stockings of fine wool. The young girls wear their rich, black hair in long, drooping curls, which fashion favorably heightens the expression of their handsome faces, especially while executing their graceful, passionate *pas d'armes*. Although the Koran severely enjoins the women covering their faces to profane eyes, they yet understand well enough to show off their attractive qualities—in fact, quite as well as any of our own beauties. They are extremely fond of dress and pleasure. Full of life and animal spirits, and of keen comprehension, they do not remain behind any of their European sisters with regard to chat and gossip. The laws and customs of the Mussulmans keep the women in deplorable ignorance; they have, therefore, no other vent for this mental activity but the wretched trivialities of the harem. If they could be instructed, they would doubtless prove a great ornament to society by their beauty and intellectual gifts. They resemble the Polish ladies in looks and figure, but a trans-Caucasian sun has given them a still warmer blood.

The Shites of the race are smooth-tongued and crafty courtiers, and yet they preserve much of the lofty pride and impetuous courage of their forefathers; they do not, however, deprive them of the tendency to disregard the moral laws, which constitute the honor and dignity of man. They stimulate sensuality by means of narcotics, and hospitality in peace and courage in battle may be considered their most exemplary virtues. Excess, vindictiveness, superstition, indifference to, and cool treatment of, their wives, especially when under the influence of *tariak*, and unreasonable jealousy, are the dark shades of their character. Like all Mussulmans, they often marry several wives. Thus, it frequently happens that these spirited, peppy creatures disagree, and their lord is called upon to decide between them and restore peace. Of course, he cannot deliver a judgment pleasant to all the parties, and the matter generally ends by the whole harem turning upon him and making his life so wretched that he is fairly driven from the house, and, on some pretense or other, goes traveling for some time. It is even said that such scenes send many pilgrims to Mecca, who otherwise would gladly stay at home.

Another interesting section of the Russo-Tartar race is that known as the "Great Horde," whose territory is located in Siberia, on the edge of the Chinese Empire. They pay no taxes, and only furnish relays to the Cossack divisions. These Kirghiz-Kalssaks have neither the broad face of most Tartars,

nor the flat ones of the Calmucks. But their eyes are deep-set and small, mouths pinched and thin, cheek-bones projecting, and beards sparse. Both sexes have a robust constitution, and the women in many cases are quite handsome, owing to their flashing eyes and fresh-colored faces. Purity of air, a simple life, easy mind, and frugal habits, render them capable of supporting great privations, but they make up for such enforced abstinence by devouring a whole lamb at a sitting, and asking for more. Their religious condition is of a deplorable kind. They profess Islamism, adulterated by idolatry. Many tribes believe in a good God and in an evil God, and adore also other spirits; and magicians are all-powerful with them.

On the whole, the Kirghiz are ignorant, proud, lazy, passionate; have no idea of right and wrong, and are brigands from their cradles. The women being burdened with all the household work, the men have nothing to occupy them at home. They therefore lounge about to gossip and fish for news. Their curiosity is excessive, and the most insignificant news spreads like lightning through the steppe. They are terrible gluttons, and ever inclined to violate their word, and take in every one not Mussulman. Their indolence does not prevent them from looking sharply after their interest; and, where they discover the least degree of weakness, they do not shrink from the most impudent exactions. They know neither consideration nor pity, and are not even courageous. Having no idea of order, obedience, or discipline, they show no unity in action. They attack in small troops, and with the vivacity of falcons. Their first shock is sharp and violent, but of little tenacity, and they fly in the wildest disorder. They only fight for the sake of plunder, and when they can depend on the swiftness of their horses.

Differing widely from these again are the Yakoutes, who occupy an adjoining region. Great fishers and hunters, they are also good agriculturists, though their climate is severe in the extreme, and their work in wood and iron is not only skillful, but highly artistic. In one respect they resemble the Kirghiz—they are outrageous gluttons; and to see an animal killed, boiled, or roasted, is the most pleasurable entertainment in the world, next to eating it.

There is a story of one of these barbarians who at a wedding drank forty pounds of melted butter, and three others swallowed sixteen bottles of spirits, besides devouring the whole of a large reindeer and bolting many pounds of melted butter. Nearly all are baptized, but their notions of Christianity are of a very imperfect kind, and the most absurd superstition is rife among them.

Although of a lazy temperament, the Yakoute has good business qualities. He is cunning, enterprising, and, in his trading transactions, insinuating and dissimulating. He looks upon a person who lets the opportunity for cheating another escape him as simply a fool. Theft with him is a fault, but no sin; and he steals, not because he wants, but simply to show his address. He has no idea of hospitality, and a Yakoute who has entertained another expects the latter to

treat him in return, and that pretty quickly, or he will bring an action against him; for he considers his guest to have become his debtor and bound to repay him.

The Mongols of the Russian Empire, forming another distinct division of the human race, are mostly nomads ranging over the table-lands of Southern Siberia across the whole breadth of Asia. Although the language is an idiom springing from the same source as the Turkish or Tartar, they are hardly to be classified together, as the latter rather assimilate to the Aryan or Indo-Germanic stock. The Mongols are split up into a great number of tribes, but they are nearly akin in habits and nature. The brief characterization of the Calmucks by Mr. Wahl will very well stand for the race:

"They have made little more than the first step toward civilization, spending most of their lives on horseback, and showing the *physique* which such an existence through many centuries would gradually entail, thick-set, broad-shouldered trunk, and bandy legs. The lot of the women is very hard. They are the slaves of their husbands, and articles of property bought with money or cattle. The men are exceedingly indolent, and only occupy themselves with hunting. Their food and beverages resemble those of most Mongols—i. e., the *kotcho*, or boiled-barley groats, horse-meat, compressed tea, *koumys*, *airan*, etc. Some of them are very rich, and possess upward of forty *taboons* of horses and three thousand sheep. A *taboon* consists of thirty mares and one horse. The camels are scarce among them.

"The Calmucks are generous, hospitable, good-naturedly impulsive, and without calculation or after-thought; never troubling themselves about the future, they will give away their last sheep. The poor live by the side of the rich, and coolly help themselves to the milk and other victuals they require. As long as their liberty is not encroached on, they are pleasant and obliging, but they would never consent to the imposition of mercenary services.

"Their music is primitive, the instruments consisting of a reed flute and a kind of guitar of horse-skin with strings of horse-hair twisted into cords. Their song is dull, monotonous, and treats but of things which happen to strike the eye at the moment. Riding and shooting (in which arts they are exceedingly proficient) are their favorite pastime. They are hunters and fishers, but only when obliged; otherwise they remain at home in a state of perfect apathy. In swearing an oath the Calmuck kisses the barrel of his gun, and their signature consists in the mark by which each man distinguishes his cattle."

From this survey of the leading national types in the great Russian Empire, it may be seen what an array of heterogeneous material the government has to deal with. All of the great divisions of the human race, each ramifying into many subdivisions (the negro and Malayan excepted), are represented. Indeed, over many of the tribes roaming over its wide territory, the St. Petersburg cabinet exercises hardly the shadow of authority, though the peoples of Central and Northern Asia know that the czar is their nominal

ruler. Most of the Mongol and Tartar tribes that sweep over the South Siberian steppes are practically as independent as before the day when a horde of Cossack bandits, driven from Europe as to some unknown Botany Bay, conquered the country. The principal mark of acknowledgment shown by these scattered races is their willingness to fill out the gaps in the Cossack levies, and this rather indicates their passion for adventure than a conscious submission to the orders of a superior.

A VISIT TO THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

A SPARKLING sunlight overhead; a pure bright-azure sky; an atmosphere like that of spring—such was the winter-day on which we found ourselves on the Place du Châtelet, waiting to descend into the sewers of Paris.

It does not require many formalities, nor is it a troublesome task, to gain permission to visit the sewers. A note to our minister, requesting the desired permit, was soon followed by the arrival of a large ball-invitation-like card, whereon it was set forth that "Monsieur H— and a party of five persons were accorded permission to visit the sewers, and must 'find themselves' on the Place du Châtelet at a quarter-past two," on such a date.

A crowd of two or three hundred persons were clustered around a spot near the basin of the great fountain, which was playing away right merrily, its cornucopia and sphinxes' heads spouting out glistening streams of water in the sunshine. Thither we bent our steps, and discovered that their point of observation was a round opening in the pavement, around which the sections of the iron covers were sticking up like the divisions of a dislocated fan. A shapely-looking individual, with a great deal of white comforter around his throat, was busily occupied in taking the tickets from the hands of their holders, and counting the number of persons in each party, while two policemen were kept busy in keeping back the curious crowd that pressed and strove to take a look down the open hole in the pavement. Through this crowd the ticket-holders were forced to struggle in single file, though what the gazing idlers expected to see was a mystery; but, if there is anything on earth as curious as a Maltese cat or an empty-headed woman, it is an idle Parisian. Nothing could be seen except the upper part of a very clean and solid-looking staircase of wrought-iron, which wound round in corkscrew fashion, so that only the first few steps were visible from above. Down these stairs we went, feeling very much like Dante at the commencement of his infernal pilgrimage. Down we all went—our party and numbers of other persons—twisting round and round the corkscrew-shaped staircase for a little way, when a flight of broad steps in solid masonry succeeded, and brought us in a few minutes to the great corridor which was our destination.

It was not in the least like what we had expected. It was not dark; a vaulted recess

at one side opening with a grating to the outer air, and through this grating the sun was shining, this opening being apparently on the embankment of the Seine, the walls of which descend far below the level of the city-streets. There was no foul odor, and a sense of somewhat oppressive dampness was the only uncomfortable sensation. Far away on either hand we see, stretching away, the long, vaulted, tunnel-like corridors, which remind one involuntarily of Beckford's "Hall of Eblis," or of the ghastly picture painted by the hero of Edgar A. Poe's tale of the "Fall of the House of Usher," and which represented a long, low corridor, the walls smooth, white, and without any device. Certain accessory points in the design served to convey the idea that the structure was at a vast distance below the surface of the earth. Here, however, the parallel ends, for there is no trace of the "flood of light that bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor," but only distant lamps shining afar off like red, twinkling stars. Overhead, on either side, like gigantic black serpents, we beheld the huge pipes that supply Paris with water, which water, contrary to popular opinion, does not come from the Seine, but is brought from the river Oureq by means of five canals. These enormous pipes run along the roofing of the tunnel, and are supported by iron shafts. But we are not allowed much time to look about us, for some three or four officials, their voices sounding hoarse and hollow, and reverberating from the arched roof, issue to us their commands to advance, and we do advance accordingly, crossing as we do so a bridge that leads over a vast canal of black, silent, and swiftly-rushing water, that hurries away and is lost in the gloom beyond. Now the process of marshaling the visitors in due order is begun. There are more than a hundred persons bent on the same subterranean journey as ourselves, but there is no confusion, no pushing or crowding, and we all stand back against the wall, and wait our turn. The floor of the tunnel is laid in rails, and we see at a distance a train of low, flat, uncovered hand-cars, which, one by one, are brought forward, and the places (of which there are twelve in each car) are duly filled, each party being kept together. As each car receives its complement of passengers, it is wheeled farther along the track, and this process is continued till every one is seated. Then four workmen take their places as motive-power to each vehicle—two to push and two to pull—and, as the cars run easily along the rails, the task is not so hard a one as it at first appears. They are fine, stalwart-looking fellows, these toilers underground, and we are told that they are all men of perfectly healthy *physique*, as every man who applies for employment in these underground works is subjected to a rigorous medical examination, and is rejected upon the detection of the slightest infirmity or the least trace of lurking disease. The signal is given and off we start—not into the darkness, however, as each car is furnished with four powerful lamps, one at each corner, and the rays therefrom shine brightly on the walls and roof and flooring of this strange subterranean tunnel. As we go, we notice that, though there is a footpath of

solid masonry projecting from the wall on either side, the middle of the road-way, directly under the cars, is occupied by a deep channel, at the bottom of which glides a black, sullen stream. Now we pass a deep niche in the wall, with steps of masonry leading upward, and down those steps rushes the water from the gutters above to join the stream beneath our feet. These niches succeed each other at regular intervals. On we go, faster and still faster, our "motive-power" keeping up a steady, regular trot, and not seeming much fatigued or distressed by the toil.

We are traveling along the great main sewer under the Rue de Rivoli, and painted placards upon the wall, bearing the name of the street, from time to time remind us of the fact. Now we cross other streets, and read the placards as we pass: the Rue d'Alger, the Rue du Dauphin, the Place de Rivoli, etc. It is all alike—the long vaulted tunnel, of pale, creamy-tinted stone; the black coils of water-pipe overhead; the deep niches marking every corner of the streets above, each niche with a miniature cascade tumbling down its steps, and falling into the stream beneath; the black, sullen water under the car; the footways on either side, and here and there a lamp fixed in the wall, and always that sense of gloom and mystery and oppressive dampness; but still no foul smell, no rats, no horrors. Here and there we see fixed against the wall a *plaque* of white porcelain bearing a date; these *plaques* indicate the height to which the waters rose in the sewers after sundry great and celebrated storms. One, fixed high above our heads, shows that on one occasion the waters must have risen to within about a foot of the top of the arch, and woe unto the unhappy wight who chanced that day to be working in the sewers, for, if he could not swim, he must infallibly have been drowned. Such a catastrophe did take place before the construction of the new and enlarged sewers. Six workmen were employed in one of the main sewers in the lower part of the city, when a furious storm came up, and the waters rose so rapidly that four out of the six were drowned, and the other two only made their escape with exceeding difficulty. But we think less of the real tragedies that have taken place here than of the scene drawn for us by the pen of the master of modern fiction—of "Jean Valjean saving Marius:"

"Jean Valjean found himself, with the still fainting Marius, in a sort of long, subterranean corridor.

"There reigned profound peace—absolute silence—night."

It was through such a vault, then less vast, and perhaps less cleanly, that the hero of "*Les Misérables*" went bearing on his shoulders the insensible form of Cosette's lover. What matters it that he never existed? that he owes his being merely to the fertile brain of a romance-writer? Do not these shadowy shapes of fiction often take form and substance, and thrust the pale ghosts that once were real, living creatures from their places. Once I visited the palace of Wallenstein at Prague, and, as I paced the desolate halls and wandered in the deserted gardens, my thoughts were less of the

dead general who once had lived than of the hapless pair of lovers that owe their existence only to the poet-brain of Schiller—*Maz* and *Thekla*, the Germanic *Romeo* and *Juliet*—less passionate, less vivid, less real, than the creations of Shakespeare, but also purer, more tender, and more intellectual.

Victor Hugo has been the Dante of this hygienic hell—this underground Paris where so many horrors used to abide, and whence from out the shadows used to steal strange shapes of pestilence and death. But the sewers no longer serve, as they used to do in by-gone days, as hiding-places for thieves and vagabonds, nor do they breathe forth unclean and fatal vapors. They not only help to preserve the health of the city, but they furnish an article for her commerce, as a large proportion of the unclean waters is now clarified by chemical agents, and the sediment thus obtained is sold for manure. The sensational assassin has become a peaceful trader. The present system of sewerage is one of comparatively recent date. Before the seventeenth century, the streams and rivers that traversed Paris were, with the ditches that surrounded the city, the only receptacles for rain-water, dirty water, etc. The first vaulted sewers were constructed in 1671, and a century later it was attested that they were left alone to take care of themselves. Sometimes the neglected channels brought themselves into notice by overflowing, and there are persons yet living who can remember the inundation of sewer-mud which took place at the beginning of the present century, and which rose in one place to the height of three feet above the pavement. Brunesau, under Napoleon I., thoroughly explored the sewers then existing, a work of great difficulty and no little danger, and it was he who made the plans for their enlargement and extension. But it was reserved for the Second Empire to worthily conclude this great and noble task; one of more importance to the welfare of the inhabitants of Paris than the completion of twenty such palaces as the Louvre. To-day the sewers of Paris cover an extent of sixty leagues—something over one hundred and forty-five English miles. There are seven main galleries like the one we are now traversing, fifteen secondary ones opening into them, and an innumerable number of smaller ones which feed the secondary galleries. A singular fact about the sewerage is that the drainage of the left bank is not suffered to flow into and pollute the Seine, but is conveyed, by means of a double siphon of sheet-iron sunk under the bed of the Seine at the Pont d'Alma, into the general collector at the Rue Royale. Of these reservoirs or collectors there are three.

But see! the cars are stopping. Our vigorous propellers seem glad enough to take breath, and wipe their brows, and take a little rest. We dismount from our carriages at the word of command from our conductor, a sleepy-looking old gentleman in official uniform, and we look around us.

The vault here is wider, and half a dozen lamps, hung overhead, serve to show us that we have reached the end of the railroad, and now stand at the head of a broad, black-looking canal with a narrow footway at either

side. On this canal lie moored three or four large flat-boats, painted black, and looking as though they might be modeled after the pattern of the very vessel used by old Charon for conveying disembodied souls across the Styx. We have journeyed up the Rue de Rivoli, from the Place du Châtelet up to the Rue Royale, and it is on the vast general conductor under the last-named street that we are now to embark. This vast basin with its dark, swiftly-rushing stream, is the reservoir for all the sewerage of Paris, and conducts it all to a point below Asnières, nearly twenty miles from Paris, where it is then discharged into the river. The boats on which we are now invited to embark are those used in cleaning the reservoir, a task which is accomplished by means of a drop-plank under each boat, by which method a sufficient headway is gained to drive all the sediment, stones, etc., to a distance of over a hundred yards.

We take our seats in the huge, dusky gondolas, and the men who before pushed the cars now seize hold of the ropes attached to each boat, and off we go in slow and true canal fashion, so much so that we feel quite prepared to duck our heads at the cry of "Bridge!" But there are no bridges here, and we soon get used to the novel idea that we are imitating the pea-pod boats we used to make of old, and are sailing along a gutter, albeit the gutter is a gigantic one. Orange-peelings, straws, bits of carrots, tufts of hay, sail past us; the water is liquid ebony and reflects the light of our lamps but ill from its inky surface. And still the wonder grows at the absence of all foul odor. Perhaps a partial solution of the mystery may be found in the fact that the constant overflow of the numerous fountains of Paris pours down by an infinity of ways into these sewers, and keeps them washed out and comparatively pure, these charming adornments of the streets thus contributing largely to the health as well as to the beauty of Paris.

On we glide slowly through the dampness and the dimness, and over the black, unclean waters. They are the only unclean part of the whole; every thing else, walls, flooring, roofing, the cars, the boats, the clothing of the workmen, are all the perfection of neatness. The great sewer realizes the truth of Victor Hugo's words when he says, "The sewer to-day is clean, cold, straight, and correct. It almost realizes the ideal of what is understood in England by the word 'respectable.' The filth there behaves decently." We look down at the dark stream and wonder what secrets it hides. We remember sioister tales of murders committed in the realms above and of corpses flung into the gloomy depths of these sullied waves. We recall stories of men that have perished in these subterranean corridors from the sudden inbursting of hidden streams or the accumulation of foul vapors. There are legends, too, of gold and silver and precious stones which are sometimes found amid the slime and mud that accumulate at the bottom of these reservoirs—the cast-away booty of thieves when pursued, or the losses of careless owners. One would think that silver spoons, for instance, would often slip down

here unperceived, to say nothing of other and smaller articles.

Bruneau, when he explored the sewers in 1805, came across many curious objects, including the skeleton of an orang-outang lost from the Jardin des Plantes five years before, a fragment of the shroud of Marat, and a curious Huguenot medal in copper. But the sullen waters disclose to us, mere curiosity-visitors as we are, none of their secrets. Their surface shows us orange-peelings and decaying vegetables, straws and chips—we learn none of the hidden mysteries of their depths. Nor do we care to. The chilly damp strikes coldly through us; we weary of the monotony of the long, smooth-arched vault, the endless lines of wall, and water-pipe, and footway, and we look with compassion on the patient workmen who act as our canal-horses, and drag the boat along. But our voyage is not a long one. We soon reach the foot of a broad, winding staircase of stone, where our boat is moored and we disembark. Up the winding steps we go—up till we emerge from a round opening in the pavement, and stand once more in the free, fresh, open air of heaven, with the blue sky above our heads and the bright sunshine around us. We have arisen into daylight just in front of the Madeleine, having traveled underground from the Place du Châtelet up the Rue de Rivoli to the Rue Royale, and up the Rue Royale to the spot where we now are—a distance of some two miles. We have seen, therefore, about the seventy-third part of the great subterranean city. We are chilly and damp, and feel generally “mussed” and uncomfortable, and unfit for a stroll on the boulevards, but our purpose has been accomplished—we have visited the sewers of Paris.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

A FRENCHMAN IN NEW YORK.

M. SIMONIN, a cultivated and critical Frenchman, has contributed an article to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he gives a graphic description of New York, of its unsurpassed geographical position and remarkable present attainments, with a glance at its wonderful possibilities for future growth. He discusses in a piquant manner the social customs that prevail in the great city; the public and private buildings that do honor to the architectural taste of its inhabitants; the immense fortunes that are accumulated by its merchants; and its noble public and private institutions. These sketches form a succession of pictures attractively outlined and artistically colored. The writer manifests a strong interest in his subject, is entirely free from petty rivalry and jealousy in his comparisons and contrasts, and exhibits a truthfulness and sympathy that lend an attractive charm to his opinions. His criticisms upon men and manners are, with a few exceptions, just, sensible, and the result of careful observation; while the perception of the comic that is constantly seeking expression imparts a

pleasing vivacity to the language in which he clothes his good-natured censure.

M. Simonin gives at the opening of his paper a rapid sketch of the settlement and growth of the city, and its progress in wealth, commerce, and the arts. He says: “Neither fires, nor epidemics, nor the armed revolts of the street that have occasionally surprised it, can prevent its continued progress. Its private and public edifices are constantly multiplying. During the last century the population of this remarkable city has doubled every twenty years, and it contains at the present time more than a million souls. There are only two ports in the world that do more business than New York; these are London and Liverpool. In the twinkling of an eye, New York has left far behind her the sister cities that for a moment had disputed her preëminence. New Orleans, at the mouth of the Mississippi, San Francisco, queen of the Pacific, would not dream of contesting for the first rank even for a day; and still less, in South America, would Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres, so favorably located, commanding territories still better endowed by Nature, but where men have less energy and less audacity. New York assumed in an outburst of legitimate pride the title of the ‘Empire City.’ We shall see that she has proved herself worthy of the name under more than one relation.”

He gives a description of the New York of 1728, taken from a curious and ancient plan of the city; a tribute is paid to Castle Garden and its surroundings; and then the reader is invited to accompany the writer on an excursion through a portion of Broadway:

“We pass along the great street opening before us. The crowd of carriages, omnibuses, and carts, that come into collision on all sides, renders the street impassable to the foot-passenger. It is difficult to find a way along the sidewalks, and no city in the world, not even the most noisy and busy portion of London, can vie with the Broadway of New York in movement and animation. Not a lady is seen among this eager crowd. The noise and confusion continues for eight hours without a minute’s respite—from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon—for more than two miles and a half, from the Battery to Union Square, a distance nearly equal to that on the boulevards of Paris from the Madeleine to the Bastille. At Union Square the business quarter ends, and the city begins to be more calm. Some of the side streets exhibit the same animation. The noise ceases only on Sunday, when every thing stands still and sleeps, when every thing is dead in the great city, as biblical observance demands.”

A picture of the sights and scenes surrounding Broadway follows, after which the reader is taken to Wall Street, the financial quarter. The clearing-house, the gold-room, the stock-exchange, are visited in turn. Our reviewer says: “Those who have visited the Bourse of London or Paris during working-hours have only a feeble idea of the tumult that reigns, toward noon, in the New York stock-exchange. Those who do not understand what is going on would take all these

men for madmen; the wonder is, how they are ever able to understand each other.”

A hit upon the extravagance of the bankers follows: “The New-York banker, renouncing the simplicity of former times that England has not yet banished, demands the most elegant apartments for his work. The old building that formerly sheltered him and his clerks has been demolished to give place to an edifice with a sumptuous façade, where the marble of Carrara is united with the granite and porphyry of America. Palaces are necessary even for banking operations to these unexpected millionaires. Fisk, the financier, a bold adventurer, who was shot two years since by a rival in love and business, was one of the first to give an example of these transformations. Jay Cooke imitated him, and his formidable failure was the cause of many others, so that the financial world never saw such a panic. The stock-exchange was closed for ten days in order that the crisis should abate, and this crisis still endures. Other great financiers have followed their fashion, and erected temples to finance. In London and Liverpool, the European rivals of New-York, visitors are invited to sit down before a plain wooden table, on a straw-bottomed chair, in a dark, dusty office. Here they are offered an elegant easy-chair, or even a rocking-chair, in an office elegantly decorated, flooded with light, while the tables are made of carved wood.”

The telegraphic apparatus installed in the offices, giving, “on a strip of paper that unrolls itself,” the market value of stocks at the precise moment of the call, receives due attention.

Delmonico’s eating-house comes in for a pleasing bit of description. Trinity Church and the City Hall receive fitting tribute; and then come the offices of the great New-York journals:

“The sumptuous façade of some of these private buildings far exceeds that of the public buildings. The *Herald*, the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Staats-Zeitung*, are all found in this locality. Some of these papers strike off more than a hundred thousand copies every day, and contain sometimes sixteen pages of reading-matter and advertisements in very close type. The price is moderate, three or four cents, for example. The London *Times* is surpassed by the New-York *Times* and *Herald*. The automatic machine that prints the latter does the whole work, is the most rapid, the most powerful, the most ingenious, that can be imagined. It is well known that the American press is always in requisition, ready for the breach, lying in wait. It has thrown everywhere in both hemispheres the battalion of its forlorn hope—those irregular forces called reporters. Their mission is to relate every thing, and nothing must escape them. Some of them are observers of a high order of merit. They do not hesitate to expend any amount of money in advance, and they make enormous profits. They have sometimes anticipated the governments themselves in the knowledge of political events. The *Herald*, during the Abyssinian war, sent a telegram to the English, announcing the taking of Magdala. Mr. Stanley, one of its reporters, now justly renowned,

discovered Livingstone, lost for years around the great lakes of Central Africa. The *Herald* was founded by Mr. Bennett, a poor Scotch emigrant, who made an immense fortune from his successful venture. He died recently, and his son succeeded him. The amount of annual advertisements in the *Herald* is valued at two million dollars; that is, six thousand dollars a day. Among the curiosities of this sheet are the 'personals,' found on the first column. Lovers, with a daily persistence that never wearies, disclose in this manner their sufferings, and demand an interview.

"If the *Herald* is the happy rival of the *London Times*, the *Tribune* has no rival in the United States for the manly bearing, the seriousness, and honesty of its editorship. The late Mr. Horace Greeley, who was a distinguished agriculturist as well as accomplished journalist, and also the unsuccessful rival of General Grant at the last presidential election, was, until his death, the soul of the *Tribune*. He was among the first to advocate the emancipation of slaves, and to declare himself against the South. The public had a profound veneration for this man, who was a little paradoxical, and of old-fashioned manners. They recognized his integrity and devotion to public affairs; he was the modern Franklin of New York."

The hotels are the next objects of description: the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, and many others, vast caravansaries open day and night. The picture of hotel-life is faithfully drawn:

"Every one knows what is found in these hotels, with monumental façades and a thousand chambers. There are everywhere grand staircases, soft carpets, baths on each floor, luxurious dining-halls, elevators for guests, baggage, and domestics, private and public reception-rooms, elegant boudoirs for ladies. There is even a special apartment for the newly-married, called the *wedding-room*. Hot and cold water is carried to the most remote lodgings; the gas is burned everywhere gratuitously; the vexatious tax for candles familiar to European hotels is unknown.

"From five o'clock in the morning until midnight there is a continual feast: breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, at prescribed hours and according to certain regulations. As many dishes as you wish may be chosen from a bill of fare, longer than that of any restaurant; no limit is imposed upon your choice, and you do not pay a cent more. The *cuisine* is neither good nor suitably prepared. Meals are served in the American fashion—all the dishes at once, and every variety of condiment is placed upon the table for seasoning the viands according to the taste of the guests. The head-cook is a Frenchman, but he is obliged to renounce good traditions by modifying his practice to suit the requirements of his employers. He is paid like a minister of state, receiving frequently four hundred dollars a month.

"It is the fashion at the hotels to be hungry only at certain hours, and to comply with certain fixed rules. The foreigner, who is lost in these astounding caravansaries, and for whom some persons, taking pity on his caprices, have tried to get up hotels on the European plan, resists and complains. The hotel

officials are not disquieted by his criticisms; they do not even find time to reply to them. They seek to retain no one, and they have more guests than they desire. On entering one of these hotels, you leave your individuality at the door; you are now only a number, taxed so much a day, excepting wine and extras, which cost a great deal. Aside from this, the price is only four or five dollars a day, in consideration of which you can enjoy all the advantages of the immense establishment. You owe nothing to any one, not even the waiters—negroes and Irishmen—who are your equals, and serve you the least and the worst possible, but demand nothing of you. There are families who like this life, who are unceremoniously installed at a public house, the husband, wife, and children. These immovable guests, almost as numerous as the transient ones, are quickly recognized. In the evening, the ladies come to dinner in full toilet, flowers in their hair, their dress *décolleté*. They eat hastily, swallow, both in summer and winter, full glasses of ice-water, and drink champagne; then they promenade in the long halls, adorned with mirrors and brilliantly illuminated; it is Vanity Fair in its crudest phase. The men, adverse to this display, quit the company of the ladies and go to the hall of the hotel, an immense vestibule of entrance, to chew tobacco in silent enjoyment. They pass whole hours by themselves, with boots resting on the easy-chairs, or on the balustrades of the part of the hall devoted to smoking; they think over the business of the day, or go to sleep dreaming of that of to-morrow.

"The great stores dispute with the hotels the sumptuousness of the façades, the extent of the buildings. The famous merchant, Stewart, who, from a poor Irish emigrant, has become a merchant-prince, has two stores on Broadway—a wholesale establishment in the lower part of the city, and a retail one between Ninth and Tenth Streets. They are two monuments, each of which occupies an entire block. From morning till evening an army of clerks is employed in these establishments in measuring off and doing up the silk stuffs, and thousands of feminine *genewaves*. The net profits of the owner, at each annual inventory, amount to millions of dollars."

The gigantic bridge over the East River, now in process of construction, receives a due share of admiring appreciation. The North and East Rivers, whose favorable situation affords such commercial facilities to the fortunate city washed by their waters, are brilliantly described. The bad condition of the streets, and the imperfect sewerage, are justly condemned:

"The incessant movement of an immense amount of merchandise upon points relatively limited, and the absence of a great central dock, make the paving and repair of the wharves and streets in the lower part of the city a very difficult undertaking. We are compelled to add that a faithless municipality on many occasions has boldly pocketed the money of the tax-payers, in order to share it with the politicians who have voted for the appropriation. It has been found necessary to condemn to hard labor more than one superintendent of the public works. Those

who have not seen the sad condition of the docks on the Hudson and East Rivers, that of the surrounding streets and a large number of the thoroughfares in the heart of the city, can have no idea of the neglect of sewerage in the Empire City. 'New York spends more than Paris for the repair of the streets,' said the *Herald* recently; 'it is a hundred times more badly paved than Paris.' What would the result be if the journal, pursuing its inquiry, had spoken of the condition of Washington Market on the wharves of the North River, or that of Fulton Market on the East River? In summer they are two centres of pestilence.

"It would seem as if there existed no municipal surveyor in this immense city. The streams have no regular declivity, and the sewers are insufficient. Even in front of the most commodious houses, the refuse of the kitchen is spread out upon the sidewalk in a broken barrel, that remains there permanently. The middle of the street is a sewer; it is not uncommon to find dead animals that are allowed to remain there. A thrifty manufacturer has sometimes been known to paste his advertisements on the body of a horse that had fallen from fatigue; the curious had a double reason to collect in a crowd around it! The pavements, disjointed and warped, are scattered here and there, when they are not entirely lacking. At the least rain, there are puddles of water, and a black, thick mud, in which pedestrians sink almost to the knees. It is worse in winter, when a foot of snow often remains a month in one spot."

M. Simonin completes this portion of his subject by an amusing account of horse-cars and omnibuses. After doing ample justice to the city and its institutions, he turns his attention to the inhabitants. He says:

"The inhabitants of New York quote continually the astonishing progress of their city, and are justly proud of it. Central Park, which we saw hardly laid out in 1867, we found much improved in the succeeding years, and in full vigor during the summer of 1874. It then began to deserve the name, for it is now nearly in the centre of this modern Babylon, which, suffocating in its ancient limit, has overstepped its natural barrier, and will cover hereafter the whole county of Westchester with blocks of its innumerable houses. Already long rows of dwelling-houses are seen around Central Park, which is larger and not less adorned than the Bois de Boulogne. Unfortunately, these houses injure the landscape, and raise sadly their red-brick walls from a foundation of evergreen-trees.

"The fashionable world at the present time loves to dwell in the neighborhood of the Park. Rich merchants, great bankers, men of business gorged with millions, locate upon this spot their sumptuous residences, until a new invasion of shopkeepers, rising with the always-increasing wave of population, forces them to go still farther away. How many persons have thus changed their domicile every ten or twenty years! To tell the truth, the inhabitants have no home. They leave in a moment all the memories of the past, *souvenirs* associated with the places where they were born, where they have loved, that are so dear to delicate and feeling souls.

The *natale solum* that made Ovid weep scarcely causes a heart-beat to an American. Fifth Avenue, between Washington and Madison Squares, was not long ago the fashionable quarter. A few years since on Sunday noons all the belles of New York, arrayed in the most elegant toilets, were met there on their way from church. But the genteel people no longer dwell in that locality, for the irruption of milliners, tailors, and restaurant-keepers, has driven away the aristocracy. We remember that the venerable inventor of the electric telegraph, Mr. Morse, laden with fame and years, who lived, in 1869, in a magnificent house on Twenty-second Street, near the corner of Madison Square, said to us, with an air of sadness, 'I must sell this house, move away, and install myself farther up-town!' Two years after the wise old man died, and found elsewhere and forever the repose he sought. Now the fashionable quarter is between Thirty-fifth and Sixtieth Streets, Fourth and Sixth Avenues. Fifth Avenue between these points is the most desirable locality for a residence, beginning at Madison Square or Twenty-sixth Street. The rich merchant Stewart has built here a marble palace on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street. The streets that run from Twenty-sixth to Thirty-third Street were formerly favorites with the fashionable world, but they are now partially abandoned to gambling-houses and those of a worse character, for New York is the most dissolute city in the two Americas."

Our visitor speaks next of the elegant private residences of the city, built more in the English than the Parisian style. He objects to the monotony of the architecture that causes the houses to be repetitions of each other, and to the collections of works of art, many of them of doubtful taste, that adorn the interior of the dwellings. He does not fail to criticise the manners and pursuits of American young ladies:

"Those restless young 'misses,' who live only to be amused, dwell in these princely mansions. They enjoy the greatest possible freedom; for American customs permit greater liberty even than English ones. Fortunately, these maidens unite an exaggerated love of pleasure and movement with a calculating temperament that very often holds them back on the borders of an abyss. The head is weak, but the heart remains cold. There are, however, in New York many young ladies who are, as they say, a little fast. During the day they drive to Central Park, either with their lady friends or with him who has the honor of courting them, and flirting openly with him; or these indefatigable Amazons drive themselves in a buggy. In the winter they change the phaeton for the sleigh, skate on the lake of the park, or air their curiosity in the stores on Broadway. They insist that all the goods shall be unfolded, ask the price of every thing, and buy nothing. The impassible clerk does not manifest the least sign of discontent. There is a peculiar word for this singular custom familiar to American ladies, and somewhat so to English ladies; it is called *shopping*. Another custom of which American women are mistresses is that of going to the confecturers and taking loss at every turn; but

woman is everywhere a *gourmande*. In the evening the same young ladies are found at the theatre and at the restaurant. If a grand ball is given, they are sure to be seen. In the summer, endless parties call them to the watering-places, to Newport, Saratoga, Long Branch, where they display many times a day toilets sufficient to ruin twenty husbands; or, crossing the ocean, they astonish Europe with their carelessness of conventional restraints. Who has not met them at Brighton, the Isle of Wight, Ostend, Spa, Rome, Paris, where they have reigned for a short time with so much brilliancy? The noisy *fêtes* of the Tuilleries, especially toward the end of the empire, had no more assiduous *habitués* than these proud republicans. Many persons accustomed to our usages would not choose these young ladies for wives. They are right and they are wrong; it matters little: the truth is, that these young Americans, on their introduction to society so frivolous, and sometimes—to speak plainly—compromised by grave acts, make in the end good wives and excellent mothers. Every country has its own habits. Some families on returning from Europe have tried to introduce into the United States our severe method of feminine education; they have found few adherents."

American men are discussed more leniently than is the case with their fair rivals:

"The men are distinguished from the women, at least in appearance, by more calmness and reserve. They begin to work very young, and quit school early. They apply themselves earnestly to business of all kinds—commerce, banking, manufactures. Many travel, and return home when they have made a great fortune. The paternal inheritance is of little account, and dowry is a thing almost unknown even for girls. The father, to-day a millionaire, may be ruined to-morrow. On whom may any one rely? On himself, on himself alone, and this is what every one does. Thus preoccupied with material things, the men are not distinguished for exquisite manners; they have no time to be polite. Who has not heard criticisms upon their want of urbanity and their rude habits? The women surpass the men in cultivated manners, and for this reason, no less than for the desire these artless 'misses' feel to try what is unattainable at home—that is, a title—many of these young Americans marry in Europe. How many assumed countesses and marquises have thus returned to New York, Chicago, and Boston! We hasten to say that the grave faults with which men are reproached disappear gradually in the great cities, and that a large number of them are now distinguished as much for their elegant manners as for the high cultivation of their minds. Many who have traveled in Europe have brought back with them the polished manners of the Old World. Some ancient families of a really noble stock have carefully guarded and inculcated upon their children the healthy traditions of former times."

The great fortunes accumulated by the manufacturers and merchants are considered worthy of notice:

"In this world, so agitated and so varied, it is not uncommon to meet manufacturers

and merchants whose fortune and revenues are equal to those of kings. Stewart commenced by being a poor school-master. Astor, a German, coming to New York at the commencement of this century with a crown in his pocket, left his son a fortune in real estate valued at twenty million dollars. Vanderbilt, a descendant of the first Dutch emigrants, began by being a boatman, and carrying upon his boat vegetables from Brooklyn or Staten Island to New York. He has now a fortune at least as large as that of John Jacob Astor's son. He enjoys, besides, the reputation of being the first business-man in the United States. He formerly possessed a whole fleet of steamboats, and since that time has always been called the 'Commodore.' He has at present no equal in the management of railroads. The New York Central and Hudson River road, and the Lake Shore road, are entirely in his hands. He manages this business without control, like an autocrat. The stock-exchange of New York is so much interested in the affairs of this king of financiers, that the news, happily false, of his slight indisposition in September, 1874, caused a sudden fall in the price of stocks. This indefatigable man, the greatest worker in a country where every one works, is no less than eighty-four years old."

The position that New York has attained as a leader in American society is thus brilliantly sketched:

"All American society is modeled on that of New York. The imperial city regulates American customs and fashions, as Paris regulates those of France, and, to some extent, those of the whole world. The city of Washington is only the political capital of the United States. Doubtless society there in winter is very cultivated, elegant, and intellectual; but this society is principally cosmopolitan, and furnished by the different legations. The true capital of the Union is New York. Boston society is more literary and more severe; that of Baltimore, Charleston, Richmond, more distinguished, more aristocratic, in the strict sense of the word: the pride of many Virginia families in their heraldry and genealogy is well known. The society of Philadelphia is more delicate, more reserved; that of New Orleans, where the descendants of the French creoles rule, more lively, more chivalrous; this was especially true of New Orleans before the disastrous consequences of the war of secession that have ruined the South and given her as a prey to the ignoble *carpet-baggers*. But no American city can dispute with New York in population, extent, and magnificence, nor contest with her in the amount of business transactions, the riches of the nabobs, the elegance of the feminine toilets, the luxury and splendor of the *fêtes* and receptions. It is in this sense that New York is the true capital of the United States; and no city, neither St. Louis, founded by the French a century since on the Mississippi, nor Chicago, queen of the lakes, nor San Francisco, queen of the Pacific, will hereafter ever attain the power to seize from her this crown."

M. Simonin concludes his interesting observations with the following eloquent picture of the New York of the future:

"What an admirable destiny lies before this city, scarcely marked upon the chart a century and a half since, and which now contains a million souls, two millions with the annexed cities of Brooklyn, Jersey City, and the others, that really form a part of the grand New-York agglomeration! In twenty years—in thirty years at most—there will be upon this point a population of four millions. London then will be surpassed as London has surpassed Peking, and the first city on the globe, both for wealth and population, will be New York. Cities have their destinies, and in the mysterious phenomenon that presides at their birth and determines their locality, the reasons for their future development exist in the germ. Nature, at the commencement of the ages, had doubtless fashioned this point of Manhattan with a marked preference. Was not the situation happily chosen, among all others, to be used some time for the cradle of the first city in the world?"

A FISHERMAN'S FUNERAL.

BOULMER is a small Northumberland fishing-village situated on the northeast coast of England, about a dozen miles south of Holy Island, the scene of Grace Darling's heroic exploit. It is a long, straggling place, standing on a low, flat beach, every house facing the sea, and every house exactly alike. Half a century since, "Boomer," as it was then called, enjoyed an extended notoriety as a smuggling-station for Holland gin and tobacco, and many were the fights its ancient inhabitants witnessed between the luggers in which they were interested and the revenue-outters of the government. Will Watch was one of its famous heroes, and the scene of his midnight burial on the "links," after his last engagement with the revenue gun-sloop, is still pointed out with considerable ostentation by the present generation of fishermen; while at almost every merry-making his memory is preserved green in the ballad—at once his epithalamium and his dirge—with the refrain:

"Yon ash struck with lightning points out his cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that
famed, daring fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with
the dead."

On the occasion of a recent visit to England, I found myself in Boulmer. I stood among a group of half a hundred wives and unkempt, old-man-looking urchins watching the cobbles return from the day's fishing. There were about thirty of them; and it was a picturesque sight to behold them, one after another, come shooting past Steel Rock, and, as they darted like things of life into the rock-bound basin, suddenly haul down the great dark-brown sail that seemed so monstrously out of proportion to the tiny craft.

As the women stood there, hands folded in their aprons, after the immemorial manner of fish-wives, one of the cobbles hove in sight with neither sail nor mast. At once a sharp, shuddering scream, as of instinctive apprehension, ran through the group. To their

educated vision every cobble has a distinctive individuality, and even at this long distance they recognized the boat, and began to give utterance to the alarm that inspired them.

"It's Isaac's boat; it's the Alnwick Castle." "What can ha' befaun the Castle?" "See! there's only two men." "There's deeth in the Castle!"

By this some of the cobbles were hauled up on shore, but no attention was paid to the "catch." Men and women are superstitious, and a terrible foreboding concerning Isaac Gair's cobble fell upon them. As the boat crept almost doggedly toward the shore, a young woman of Amazonian build and almost queenly features bounded rather than ran among the seaward-gazing spectators. She put her hand above her eye, gazed earnestly for half a minute, and, with a wild, despairing shriek, she cried: "My feyther! Oh, me feyther! Me poor darling feyther's deed!" The same conviction had settled into the minds of several in the anxious group; and, in response to the young woman's lamentations, subdued remarks were heard on all sides: "Aye, aw doubt sae, poor woman!" "Mair's the pity, poor creature!" "Poor auld Isaac; there's ower few left like him!"

Doubt and suspense were speedily dissipated. The cobble-keel grated on the gravel; and all that was mortal of Isaac Gair lay for'ard wrapped in the sail. His two companions were blanched and damp-looking, and wellnigh paralyzed with fright. They had little to tell. Isaac was the captain, and usually steered, but that day he preferred to be for'ard; and, when the sail was set, he had cried, "Port 'er, Bartie!" Then he had lighted his pipe and dropped quietly asleep. By-and-by the pipe had dropped from his mouth; his head nodded a few times; and finally he had muttered, "Hard a-port, damn ye!" and gone up aloft.

The old man lived with his unmarried daughter Esther, whom the reader knows; and he had, besides, two sons and three daughters married in Boulmer, all of whom now came weeping and wailing round the corpse, and followed it till it was borne reverently home and laid on the bed.

When the more violent ebullitions of grief had subsided, Esther, who clearly regarded herself as the sole directress, said: "The passing-bell maun be toll'd; and the joiner maun be fetched; and the shroud maun be made; and he maun be shaved and strecket"—after which voluble utterance she burst into a passionate gush of convulsive sobbing. The parish-church was at Longhoughton, two miles off; and, when I offered my horse to carry some one to see the bell-ringer and the joiner, a spontaneous burst of gratitude was evoked. I did not leave Boulmer till the funeral was over, and, as I carefully acquainted myself with every observance and ceremony, the following particulars may be relied upon. It may be premised, however, that the customs here described differ in material particular from the mortuary observances common to all the North-Northumberland peasantry:

A mounted messenger having been dispatched to see the sexton and give him the

usual shilling for tolling the bell, three old women entered the cottage of the dead. They bustled about in a chuckling, unfeeling way, as if the scene were one of rejoicing rather than otherwise. They had come to wash the body and to clothe it in its shroud. The linen of which the grave-clothes were made had been spun by the deceased's wife, and had lain twenty years in the house awaiting this occasion.

When I entered the house after the old crones had finished their ghastly task, I found the body laid on a spotless bed. The face had been shaven, the white hair neatly brushed, and the face decently covered with a "face-cloth," or snow-white napkin. The shroud had sleeves ruffled at the wrists, and the opening at the breast was similarly ornamented. It was about ten inches longer than the body, and the feet of the deceased were wrapped as in a bag. Upon the head, when the corpse was full-dressed, was a white cap which was fastened with a broad chin-cloth, and round the neck a white linen cravat. I was informed that, during the sewing of the shroud, great care had been taken that no tear of Esther's or the other mourners' had been allowed to drop upon it, lest peradventure the ghost of the departed might be disturbed, or bad luck might accrue to the living. The under-clothing was considered the perquisites of the crones who "laid him out;" and I learned that it is customary to divide this under-clothing, and "give" portions to such villagers as may, by financial *douceurs* to the crones, approve themselves worthy. They who can obtain any portion regard it as an omen or presage of good luck to them and theirs. Old Isaac being highly esteemed among the simple souls, his mementoes were in great request. Something like three pounds sterling were realized by the old women for the flannel undershirt, drawers, and stockings.

White-cotton gloves ultimately covered the hands of the body; and the thumbs were doubled and clasped in the fingers. This is popularly believed to prevent the power of evil spirits over the deceased; but a local antiquary afterward suggested to me that the thumb in that position forms the similitude of the character in the Hebrew alphabet which is commonly used to denote the name of the Deity. The reader may choose between the two explanations.

A pewter plate containing salt reposed on the breast, and the eyes were each weighted with a George III. penny that had been used on fifteen similar occasions. I could not help reflecting, in reference to the plate of salt, how beautiful was the symbolical explication, "Ye are the salt of the earth;" but my reverence for the figure received a shock when I was told that the plate and salt are laid on the breast to hinder air from entering the bowels, and swelling up the belly so as to occasion a difficulty in closing the coffin. The window-shades were drawn, the looking-glass was covered with a cloth, and the cat and the old man's pet terrier were ruthlessly banished from the room.

Toward sunset a liberal supply of tobacco and long clay pipes were provided for the "watchers" who were to sit up with the

corpse. About seven o'clock p. m. two sons-in-law and an elderly fish-wife sat down by the open grate, where a rousing fire was built, to "watch" for the night. They all smoked—the woman vigorously and continuously—and between puffs talked about "the storms the deceased had weathered; how darling and generous he had been; what a noted and successful smuggler he was in the good old time when Will Watch was on the wave; what judgment he had in striking the herring-shoal; and what a braw coble the Castle was, and how she acted when 'he' was at the helm, as if she kenned about danger herself." About midnight the deceased's only sister—a crooked and wrinkled dame—entered, and, after looking steadfastly at the corpse, said:

"Aye, aye, surs! Ike's as like hissel' as he can be, poor sowl—God bless him!" Then she reverently knelt and kissed the cold lips, remarking, as she quietly rose and took a seat, "It'll be maw turn next. We her a' to gaun that road, sune or syne, when the Lord pleases." Soon she grew garrulous and related that, while sitting knitting that afternoon in her cottage at Craster, six miles distant, she had heard, just about the time his breath would flee, three heavy knocks on the inner door; that she had gone to see who was so impatient, but nobody was there, and the knocks had been caused by "no leevin' thing," but by poor Isaac's spirit on its way to glory. "It's always sae," she said; "I aye ken when onybody belangin' to me's deed."

Next day a son of the deceased went round the hamlets in the neighborhood, "bidding to the funeral;" and I was surprised to learn that he scrupulously forbore to use the knocker of any door whither his sad mission led him. Such death-heralds always rap with a key, which is carried for that especial purpose. In this instance the key was used that had done service twenty years before in announcing the demise of the deceased's wife.

The second night a young fisherman and his sweetheart sat up with the corpse; and there was no lack of remarks and innuendoes that Bob and Rachel were "used to sittin' up"—sweethearting through the live-long Saturday night being the recognized Boulmer custom.

The next night the joiner brought the coffin. It was a huge, clumsy box—much too long and wide and deep for the body—and was strongly constructed of Norway pine, painted black. Over the breast was a black jappanned tin plate, with the inscription: "Isaac Gair, died March 5, 1874, aged seventy-four years." A crowd of friends assembled to witness the "coffining;" fresh tears were shed; and bread, cheese, and beer, lavishly consumed. In order that the corpse might "lie easy," the bottom of the coffin was covered with bran and shavings to the depth of three inches; and sprigs of rosemary and lavender were plentifully sprinkled around the head and over the shroud.

The funeral took place the day following. The guests began to assemble about noon. Every man—they were all men—wore black clothes, and a tall, stove-pipe hat. A single glance round served to show that only a

small proportion wore their own garments. No tailor, however ingeniously awkward, could have contrived such extraordinary misfits. I was told that the custom of borrowing clothes is quite common among the fishermen and "hinds" of Northumberland, where few possess an entire suit of black, and where any other color would be regarded as highly improper—not to say offensive—at a funeral. As each guest entered the door, his hat was taken by the joiner and handed to the two "servers," who forthwith swathed it with black crape, leaving two ends to fall down the back. Some, with respectful consideration, had brought crape bands in their pockets; but the majority were furnished from the hired funeral goods. The four "under-bearers" were supplied with new bands and gloves; and the two women-servers with black-kid gloves and black bonnet-ribbons. They also wore borrowed dresses of black silk, and borrowed white shawls, that were crossed closely over the breast, and tied round the waist.

A cold collation, that amounted almost to a banquet, was served to the guests in an adjoining cottage. There was ham, a round of corned beef, cold chicken, salmon, and cheese, in abundance, with ale and porter in buckets full. The apartment was too small to accommodate one-fourth the number of guests, so they fed in squads, and talked and laughed, and joked, as if a funeral were altogether an enjoyable and hilarious event. When every one had eaten his fill, the two "servers" went round—one with a tray containing wine-glasses, the other with pieces of rich "funeral-cake," from an Alnwick confectioner's. Every one drank from the one tray one or more glasses of rum, whiskey, gin, or brandy, and every one took one or more pieces of cake from the other—under the influence of which the talk grew louder and the laughter more indecent. The expense of the guzzling must have been considerable; while the parade was altogether inappropriate, and the conversation—if such boisterous levity could be called such—was highly unbecoming.

After every one had taken a "last look," the coffin was screwed down and covered with a black velvet pall, furnished by the joiner. It was so broad, that when the four under-bearers mounted the coffin upon their shoulders, their bodies were quite concealed by it down to the waists. The one-horse hearse now received the corpse and the procession was formed. First walked the two women-servers—the only women who attended the obsequies—then the joiner, in hat-band and scarf; then the hearse, with two under-bearers on each side, followed on foot by the mourners in the order of their relationship to the deceased; then came the guests, talking and joking as before. I observed that, whenever any person met the procession, or when a horseman passed it, each reverently lifted his hat; and even little girls, strangers to the deceased, removed their bonnets and courtesied when the hearse passed them. At Longhoughton, the minister of the Established Church met the hearse at the church-yard gate, the coffin was again mounted on the bearers' shoulders, and to the solemn words—

"I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die"—the procession slowly entered the ancient church. Afterward, the usual services were held at the grave, and all that was perishable of poor old Isaac Gair was quickly hidden from mortal sight.

It was a curious idiosyncrasy of the deceased that he had his tombstone prepared and erected twenty years since, when his wife died. The then vicar pointed out the absurdity of the proceeding, but, like most of his class, he was obstinate, and insisted on the "head-stone" standing. It is now green with lichens, yet the inscription is perfectly legible, and is as follows:

ERECTED
TO THE MEMORY OF
ISAAC GAIR, OF BOULMER, AND ESTHER, HIS WIFE,
THE LATTER OF WHOM DIED
APRIL 19, 1858,
AGED 49 YEARS.

THE ABOVE ISAAC GAIR DIED

Boreas blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tossed me to and fro,
Yet, spite of all but God's decree,
I harbor here below.
Now here at anchor I do lie
With many of our fleet,
In hopes to sail the judgment-day
Our Saviour Christ to meet.

The reader will agree that the poetry, if not quite elegant or even correct, was not altogether inappropriate.

JAMES WIGHT.

WILHEMINE.

She lived nobly, suffered bravely, and died fearlessly.

I.
AH! she had such splendid eyes!
—Dusk-brown eyes akin to black—
Large and full, and deeply set,
Looking forward less than back—
Eyes, replete with self-possession;
Eyes, so grand in self-repression;
Earnest, questioning, sorrow full.
But all hope was wept out of them;
Only longings lit their fires;
And the sad brow set above them
Spoke unsatisfied desires.

II.
Cheeks like dying damask roses,
Washed out pale by Sorrow's rain;
And a gracious mouth, grown rigid
In its set, from years of pain.
And her faultless woman's head!
Grecian sculptors, ages dead,
Would have bowed them reverently
To the perfect revelation
Of the classic marble's need—
Would have knelt in adoration
Of dear Nature's darling deed!

III.
I have seen no other foot
Thorough-bred and little as hers.
When before Canova's Graces,
Its remembrance in me stirs:
Instep, so divinely curved!
Outline, faultlessly preserved!
Ah! thou wonder among women,
I am fretted to the heart,
Thinking how my words are few
To depict thee as thou wert:
What I will, I cannot do!

IV.

Neck so slender and so straight,
White and stately as a lily;
And a lovely shape, but illy
Fitted for her life's hard lot.
Now it moulders all forgot—
Burgeons into violets—
And no painter's hand has traced it
With the cunning of his craft;
All the subtle charms that graced it
Gone—like nectar, spilt or quaffed!

V.

Let this be thy compensation:
That thou livest in my love;
Whose sweet soul was to thy body
What the hand is to the glove.
I shall never see another
Like to thee, my noble mother!
Mind of man and soul of woman—
All my heart out of me goes,
Spent in unavailing tears,
When I think upon thy woes,
Ponder on thy martyred years!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR comments several weeks ago upon the *Galaxy* article, "A Nation without Neighbors," have elicited from the writer thereof the "retort courteous" in the last issue of that magazine. Dr. Coan may be quite right in his intimations regarding our "delicacy of perception," our "refined persuasion," our "fine historical feeling," etc., but he is certainly wrong in supposing that we are not fully alive to the defects and shortcomings of our civilization. That better culture, purer taste, more accomplished manners, and higher tone, should characterize the American people, we concede; and we will labor earnestly with Dr. Coan, or any one else, to help bring these desirable things about. It is a great mistake to shut one's eyes to our political and social faults; but it is equally a great mistake to ignore the characteristic virtues of our people, or to misconceive the relative place of the arts in a truly high scheme of civilization. There are a host of things that come before, or ought to come before, æsthetic culture—such as probity, intelligence, courage, independence, energy, and, of course, spiritual life—and, while the arts undeniably refine the taste, confer exquisite pleasure, and often inspire the imagination, they are yet dangerous influences in our civilization unless strictly subordinated to matters of pure conscience and pure reason. A love of the beautiful has in it possibilities of the sensuous; and hence it is often not brutality, as Dr. Coan declares, but pure, spiritualized elevation, that leads some persons to guard against its seductions. There are no purer or sweeter natures than those of the Quakers, who cultivate a serene and lofty spirit, and unite high intelligence with gentle manners. Yet this class religiously oppose the arts of the imagination, and guard themselves against the seductions of color, sound, and form. This may be all

very absurd; but the place in civilization of this class is not to be determined by its insensibility to art, let this insensibility be ever so great a defect. The art-loving masses of Italy and Spain are wholly degraded by the side of the pure spirits of the great body of men and women who compose this sect. In judging of the American people, just as in judging of this class, their place is to be assigned by the broad result and not by special manifestations. Guided by this principle, the tenor of our former criticism was to deplore the dilettanteism that places cathedrals and paintings, as indexes of civilization, above the "stirring and significant facts of the time." If Ruskin chooses to hate us because we cannot show him picturesque ruins; if Carlyle raves because we are not among his hero worshippers; if Lord Roseberg is more interested in the site of Cicero's villa than in the geography of America—why, they are privileged to indulge in their eccentricities; but when an American falls down abashed before them, and confesses that, being without cathedrals, ruins, and picture-galleries, we are therefore too brutal and uncivilized to be worthy of recognition, the sight is not an edifying one.

The general course of Dr. Coan's argument in his last paper is to show that we have no longer any right to excuse our shortcomings on the ground that we are "a new country." No doubt this plea is urged too frequently, and often absurdly. But what are the conditions that make "a new country?" Not years solely, if, indeed, at all; for a few centuries more or less count but little in the history of a nation. We shall remain in America a new country just so long as our energies and resources are taxed by primitive labors—by opening roads, building bridges, and bringing the wilderness under subjection. We shall remain a new country until capital and labor are more than enough for these primary needs, and sufficient is released for employment in the arts. It may be said that the Middle and New-England States have arrived at this pass; but, so long as the West draws from the Eastern section its capital, and offers openings for its energy, the latter remains virtually in the condition of a new country. Had there been no tempting West to draw off some of the best material, the Atlantic States would now be far more developed, and exhibit something like the highly-cultured aspect of England. There is, of course, considerable wealth with us, but there is nothing like the vast surplus that exists in England; there is nowhere near so numerous a body of people placed above the necessity of labor; there scarcely exists at all with us a large idle class with liberal means and high culture—and this is one of the special outcomes of an old country. A nation that borrows capital to build its railroads, that needs the strength and skill of all its citizens in the most practical

and necessary labors, that has not yet found time for cultivated leisure, is assuredly, in the real meaning of the term, a new country. Although we are the largest book-buying people in the world, and among the best picture-buying peoples, yet all the more practical fields of exertion yield such liberal rewards that no man can take up letters or art without the certainty that equal energy and skill in law or commerce would place him far higher in the ladder of fortune. These facts clearly show that it is not lack of intelligence with us, but newness of conditions, that retards the growth of native art and literature.

Among other things, Dr. Coan thinks our country very unattractive in the aspect of its hamlets, villages, and dwellings. No doubt there is vast room for improvement here; but it seems to us that an American village of the best style—wide streets lined with trees, and bordered with cottages set back among lawns and gardens, is an immense improvement over the European model of narrow streets, no trees on the sidewalks, and houses abutting on the pathway. If Dr. Coan had been born abroad, and, while possessing as now his strong bias of anti-patriotism (a phase of mind that Herbert Spencer discusses in his "Studies of Sociology"), had come to America, the wide, villa-lined, tree-arched avenues of some of our towns would have filled him with delight. He would then have told his countrymen about our general perception of the beautiful. He would have compared the villas on the Rhine with those on the Hudson, and pointed out that American taste gives ample space for lawns, and does not cultivate the vine to the very door-step. He would have described the innumerable pretty churches that go up everywhere, and told his readers that Americans would never think of desecrating their religious edifices by permitting shops and booths to be erected at their very portals. He would wonder how long American taste would tolerate, as at Antwerp, a shop built into the very flutings and interstices of a cathedral-tower. He would explain that in America the public feeling would revolt at the gilded figures in European churches, and the painfully-distorted Christs, in stone and on canvas, that in every variation of physical agony appeal to the coarsest tastes of the multitude—converting the sublime story of Calvary into a hideous melodrama. He would lament the newness and crudeness exhibited in many things, but he would discover a singular eagerness and zeal in the American mind, a great desire to be right, accompanied with no little independence of judgment, and would note that taste and culture were not, as in the old country, the exclusive acquisitions of the few, but were more or less possessed by an immense multitude, a class that at home were plunged into slothful indifference;

and that, while the tastes and desires of this class were uncertain, undisciplined, often meretricious, yet he would see that out of turbulent activity good may come, but out of mental paralysis nothing. A patriotic bias that sees nothing but good in its own country is absurd enough; an anti-patriotic bias that sees every thing in its own country awry is only an eccentricity in all firmly-established nations, but something very damaging among a people that are struggling for recognition.

WE have made a grave mistake. We have been guilty of accusations against our city rulers that were erroneous and unjust. We have declared that our officials have no eyes to see a nuisance, no organs to smell one, no brains to detect one. This we now discover to have been cruelly unjust, and we make haste to retract. It is true that these officials still remain indifferent to the wretched condition of our pavements. It is true that they still permit tradesmen to encumber our sidewalks with merchandise. It is true that our streets still remain unsightly with endless vehicles that are stabled in the open air, while the ash-barrel and the garbage-box still ornament our curb-stones. It is true that mud festers in some of our avenues, while dust sweeps in clouds through others; and our market-places and wharves are wonders of neglect and filth. But these are all commonplace nuisances, and our noble officials have no disposition to mix with commonplace things. They have, however, a very keen, a remarkably keen perception of nuisances of a subtle and less obvious character. If they haven't eyes to see a nuisance, nor olfactories to smell one, they have at least ears to hear one. One only, however. There are a good many irritating noises in our town, but one only has pricked the ears of aldermen. It seems they do not like the church-bells. Whether this is because the bells disturb their late Sunday slumbers (let us make no hint at Saturday night excesses) we do not pretend to say. But bells at half-past ten in the morning are a horror to aldermanic ears. People, they think, can find their way to church without the clamor and clangor of the dreadful iron tongues far up in the steeple. They may find it difficult to cross the muddy street, or disagreeable to encounter piles of old barrels, ash and garbage boxes, and other street accumulations; or they may be disturbed by the ceaseless tinkle of the car-bells; their boots may be covered with mud, or their eyes filled with dust; but all these are trifles: there is one nuisance which a paternal and solicitous government is determined to relieve them of, and this is the bells that knoll them to church. Verily, indeed, we were wrong. We should not have said that our officials, our aldermen and common-councilmen, are insensible to nuisances. This is impossible, or else they would be insensible to themselves.

In all the talk in New York about rapid transit, it seems to be assumed that the great need is to abridge the time of communication between the business centres and the outlying suburbs. The number of people interested in the result we believe to be smaller than is usually supposed, while the number concerned in a more rapid communication between different parts of the city proper is pretty nearly the entire population. We should have much better facilities than now for getting from the Brooklyn ferries to the North-River ferries, or from Wall Street to Fourteenth Street. The cars make tolerably fair time when they once get out of the pressure in the lower streets, but every one knows what a tedious journey it is in these vehicles to get from the Astor House even so far as Canal Street with all the numerous stoppages and delays that occur. As for our omnibuses, they afford the slowest transportation one can experience anywhere. They are cleaner and more comfortable than the London omnibuses, but, like all other means of travel in this so-called fast country, they are very much slower than their English prototypes. And then, as we have no quick-running cabs, it is simply impossible to get swiftly from one business point to another, however urgent the necessity may be. We therefore need rapid transit within the business sections—swift-running omnibuses and cabs, if nothing else. There ought to be free-trade in omnibuses—a general license law, under which anybody may carry passengers; and out of this free competition would come much-needed public convenience. There is no reason why omnibuses should not go from Madison Square, or other points up-town, to the City Hall in about half the time now occupied. Below the City Hall the streets are too crowded, doubtless, for better speed.

JOHN MITCHEL, the "Irish refugee," was an extraordinary man in many senses; and his death, while it has saved the English Government from considerable annoyance, has deprived Ireland of the ablest of her patriots since O'Connell. A peculiarly ardent temperament, and the genuine spirit of fanatical devotion, would alone have involved this highly-educated and patrician Protestant gentleman in the rôle of the Danton of Irish discontent. By rushing headlong into the insurrection of 1848, Mitchel, like Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Thomas Addis Emmet years before, had every thing to lose, and but the remotest possible prospect of any gain whatever. A Protestant, he put himself at the head of a movement swarming with intense Catholics; a refined and educated scholar, he was a chief over masses of gross ignorance; a man of good family, he inspired an army of bog-trotters. John Mitchel was a person of unquestioned genius. His writings were as brilliant and pungent as they were bitter with the gall of intensest hatred. His speeches

were the white-heat of eloquence. He knew no half-way, no expediency. He believed that Ireland had a right to be absolutely free; and home-rule adjustments, the making of terms with the hated English, were revolting to his violent and stormy nature. A man of genius, thus thrown out of joint with the age, utterly impracticable, and utterly inconceivable, could not but have a capricious and unhappy career. With his talents, and without his morbid temperament, John Mitchel might have rivaled the fame and power and magic influence of Daniel O'Connell. As it was, his talents only made him dangerous, and the inevitable victim of pursuit and of courts. Had he lived, he could not and would not have entered Parliament as the representative of the turbulent Tipperary, which twice elected him. He was a "convicted felon;" moreover, he was an American citizen. Even had the doors of St. Stephen's been flung wide open to him, his proud and hostile spirit would have disdained to enter them; for he would never have taken an oath of loyalty to the British crown. Yet, he is at least entitled to the praise of having turned his back on what would very likely have been a great career, to attempt sincerely, though ill-advisedly, the liberation of his oppressed and suffering land.

Good news comes over the ocean for those who would fain cross it, but for the dreaded *mal de mer* that the excursion entails. It is said that famous Bessemer ship, with its great length and swinging cabin, has made a full trial of the stormy English Channel, and that in a heavy sea. "The pitching," says a correspondent who was on board, "was almost imperceptible, and the roll was as easy as a lullaby;" and this was when there was a rough cross-sea, running so high that the pilot could not be landed, and with a strong northeast wind blowing. Several partial experiments have been made with her before, but when her arrangements were incomplete. This time, say the nautical men, it is fully demonstrated that the Channel may be crossed, in the worst weather, without any disturbance of the stomachic equilibrium of the most sensitive. And if the Channel, why not the Atlantic, the Pacific, nay, the vast chain of seas which circle round the globe? Bessemer's principle, it would seem, has only to be developed for the prolonged navigation of the ocean, to achieve the result of wholly abolishing sea-sickness; and the sequel will surely be anxiously watched by thousands of stay-at-homes, who would otherwise be indefatigable tourists. But whether we ought to rejoice in the increased number of Americans that will flock abroad when the Bessemer saloon becomes a feature in all our ocean steamers, is very questionable. From the reports of the conduct of Americans in Europe that continually reach us, it would, perhaps, be better if the terrors of the ocean voyage were multiplied rather than reduced.

Literary.

THE eleventh volume of the AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA has appeared. It comprises the titles between the words Magnetism and Motril, and, with its publication, more than two-thirds of the work is finished, and in the hands of the public.

Lexicographers and compilers discover some truths about the alphabet that have all the force of laws, and are often sufficiently curious. B, C, and M, have been found in the CYCLOPEDIA, as in all works of the kind, to be of most frequent occurrence as initial letters in the titles selected; C and M are especially frequent. Thus this is the second volume which is entirely filled by titles in one letter; the first being Vol. IV. (Carmona to Coddington). As the titles in the letter C extend from the middle of Vol. III. to the middle of Vol. V., so the titles in M extend from Vol. X. to the middle of Vol. XII.

The eleventh volume is noteworthy, first of all, for some remarkable articles by specialists, and not simply by specialists in physical science, but in subjects of widely-various learning, both practical and theoretical. Mr. Henry Carey Baird, of Philadelphia, contributes the titles Mint and Money—subjects on which theorists of the most divergent views will not deny him special knowledge. The Rev. Charles P. Bush, the widely-known and esteemed secretary of the American Missionary Board, writes the article on (Protestant) Foreign Missions. The training of years, the necessity for keeping every fact in connection with missionary work constantly before him, and the ability with which Dr. Bush has filled a position requiring such unusual talents, system, and industry, all vouch for the quality of this article, which is a really admirable one. The Rev. Bernard O'Reilly is equally competent to deal, as he does, with Roman Catholic Foreign Missions; and the title "Missions" thus becomes complete in every particular.

We are choosing noteworthy articles entirely at random—not only the best way, in giving the general reader an idea of the volume, but almost the only way where so much is good and our space is so limited; and we happen here upon the capital article "Manuscript," by Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr. Treating very thoroughly of the manuscripts of the Bible especially, it gives, in brief space, the results of those investigations and discoveries that have at last led to the revision of our version. Mr. Champlin's article is an excellent example of the thoroughness and good sense with which the CYCLOPEDIA is illustrated; for it is accompanied by a series of fac-similes, covering two pages, and reproducing accurately, in size and all other points, parts of nearly all the most famous manuscripts of the world. Dr. Titus M. Coan contributes articles on subjects connected with the Hawaiian Islands (titles "Maui," "Mauna Loa," etc.), putting in the most useful way the results of his personal familiarity with the localities. Mr. Robert Carter has a noteworthy article on "Horace Mann;" and an especially fair, exhaustive, and interesting article on "Mormons."

The articles in American geography are additional examples of the accurate and exhaustive way in which these subjects have been treated throughout the CYCLOPEDIA. Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, and Mississippi, are among the States in this volume; these, with the countless minor titles, are, of course, the work of Messrs. E. S. Drone and J. W. Hawes, whose names are identified with this whole department of the work. "Montreal" is written by James McCarroll, Esq., of that city.

Turning to articles in physical science, we find the volume especially rich. Professor Cleveland Abbe contributes "Meteorology;"—and it would be hard to have the subject from better hands than those of the working and scientific head of the Signal-Office at Washington—from the identical brain that supplies the famous "probabilities." The weather may certainly be called a "specialty" for Professor Abbe.—Professor Cooke, of Harvard, writes articles in "Materia Medica," as does also Dr. Edes. Professor John A. Church writes "Mineralogy;" Professor Drown, of Lafayette College, writes "Metal" and "Metallurgy;" Professor Henry, the venerable and widely-known secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, contributes "Magnetism;" Dr. Charles L. Hogeboom, "Mechanics;" Professor Mayer, of the Stevens Institute, writes "Microscope;" Professor Rosser Raymond, "Mine," and other articles; Professor Kneeland, as usual, contributes the zoological, and Professor George Thurber the botanical articles.

Some noteworthy historical articles are those on "Mary Stuart," by Mr. Hazewell, of Boston; on various tribes of North-American Indians, by Dr. Shea, who has written upon this, his well-known subject of special study, throughout the work; and many articles relating to the history of our civil war.

There is an excellent article on "Moralists," by their well-known preacher, the Rev. Edward Schweinitz, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania; and one on "Mennonites" by Professor Rauschenbusch, of the Rochester Theological Seminary.—There is an able and exhaustive article, "Methodism," by Professor C. W. Bennett. Mr. W. M. Ferriss writes "Mohammedanism." Professor Griffiths, of the Imperial College at Tokio, Japan, writes "Micado" and "Matsumae." Professor Van Rhyn writes the greater number of the articles on Oriental and philological subjects. Mr. Julius Bing contributes many of the European (especially contemporary) biographies.

We have not space to continue this notice at greater length. Enough has already been said to show the volume to be equal to its predecessors, and full of interesting special features of its own.

One thing, however, we must note—an example, too good to be passed by, of the way in which articles in this work are carried down almost to the moment of the publication of the successive volumes: In the article "Massachusetts," page 252, it is noted that the State constabulary for maintaining the prohibitory law was abolished "by a law which was passed February 13, 1875, and

went into force March 1st." This, for a volume published March 1st, is certainly commendably fresh.

MISS CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON certainly needs no introduction to the readers of the JOURNAL; and the collection of several of her stories and sketches into a volume* is a pleasant event in her literary career that will give both selfish and unselfish gratification to an audience which is already large.

The separate stories and papers of which the book is made up (except the title-sketch) have been published in the *Atlantic*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, the *Galaxy*, and in these columns, and are therefore widely familiar. They are "Peter the Parson," "Jeannette," "The Old Agency," "Misery Landing," "Solomon," "Wilhelmina," "St. Clair Flats," and "The Lady of Little Fishing."

Here is Miss Woolson's opening sketch of a part of that Lake-Country which forms her favorite scene:

"Not many years ago the shore bordering the head of Lake Michigan, the northern curve of that silver sea, was a wilderness unexplored. It is a wilderness still, showing even now on the school-maps nothing save an empty waste of colored paper, generally a pale, cold yellow suitable to the climate, all the way from Point St. Ignace to the iron ports on the Little Bay de Noquet, or Badderknock in lake phrasology, a hundred miles of nothing, according to the map-makers, who, knowing nothing of the region, set it down accordingly, withholding even those long-legged letters, 'Chip-pewas,' 'Ric-ca-rees,' that stretch accommodately across so much townless territory farther west. This northern curve is and always has been off the route to anywhere; and mortals, even Indians, prefer, as a general rule, when once started, to go somewhere. The earliest Jesuit explorers and the captains of yesterday's schooners had this in common, that they could not, being human, resist a cross-cut; and thus, whether bark-canoes of two centuries ago, or the high, narrow propleers of to-day, one and all, coming and going, they veer to the southeast or west, and sail gayly out of sight, leaving this northern curve of ours unvisited and alone. A wilderness still, but not unexplored; for that railroad of the future which is to make of British America a garden of roses, and turn the wild trappers of the Hudson's Bay Company into gently-smiling Congressmen, has it not sent its missionaries thither, to the astonishment and joy of the beasts that dwell therein? According to tradition, these men surveyed the territory, and then crossed over (those of them at least whom the beasts had spared) to the lower peninsula, where, the pleasing variety of swamps being added to the labyrinth of pines and sand-hills, they soon lost themselves, and to this day have never found what they lost. As the gleam of a camp-fire is occasionally seen, and now and then a distant shout heard by the hunter passing along the outskirts, it is supposed that they are in there somewhere, surveying still."

Among scenery like this lie Miss Woolson's favorite fields—a region as fresh and new as any that American literature has touched.

The promise of the early work that she

* Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Boston: Osgood & Co.

has done here is of more than ordinary sort; his literary future looks very bright to us; and only the dangers that always surround prophecy keep us from speaking of this volume as the beginning of a service to our literature such as it sadly needs—a contribution of something fresh and vigorous beyond the common.

THE eighth volume of Mr. Rossiter Johnson's "Little Classics" is entitled "Mystery," and contains "The Ghost," by William D. O'Connor; "The Four-fifteen Express," by Amelia B. Edwards; Dickens's "The Signal-Man;" "The Haunted Ships," by Allan Cunningham; "A Raft that no Man made," by Robert T. S. Lowell; "The Invisible Princess," by Francis O'Connor; "The Advocate's Wedding-Day," by Mrs. Crowe; and "The Birthmark," by Hawthorne. (Osgood.)

THE Messrs. Putnam have begun the publication of a series of German classics for American readers, to be edited by Professor Hart, whose capital book on "German Universities" we recently had occasion to praise so highly. The series begins with "Herrmann and Dorothea," in excellent shape, in a convenient little volume about the size of one of the "Little Classics" just mentioned. Professor Hart's notes are very sensible; and the whole plan is a good one.

The same house are soon to issue a volume of sketches of "French Life," by the late Mrs. Henry M. Field—a book that will possess peculiar interest for those who knew the lady whose death left so noticeable a place unfilled in social life. The sketches, from their origin, should be eagerly looked for, and widely read.

PROFESSOR PROCTOR, having been informed by an American friend that the list of subscribers to the new "American Cyclopædia," now in course of publication, had already reached thirty thousand names, writes back as follows: "The sale of the 'Cyclopædia' is simply amazing. I wonder when any thing like such a sale will be obtained for a work of that kind in England. That is the aspect on which the matter strikes me most. There must be in America at least three times as great a proportion of reading and thinking men to the entire population as there is in England." . . . The above might lead us to brag, but in proof that the school-master has not yet ended his task we cite the subjoined letter, addressed to D. Appleton & Co., from a highly-cultivated individual in Missouri: "March the 10. mister d appleton please Sir Send me a hole Sale price liste and a catlog a how you Sele you books by the hole Sale neW york" . . . But as a make-weight again on the other side is the fact that the American edition of the *ART JOURNAL* has attained in three months a larger circulation than the English publication enjoys after thirty-five years of celebrity. . . . "The literature of horrors," says the *Academy*, "is likely to be soon enriched by the publication of a work that has unaccountably hitherto escaped the keen eye of translator and book-maker. This disinterested gem is the 'Memoirs of Sanson,' the hereditary French executioner, who officiated at the decapitation of Louis XVI. It is said that Sanson's son, who was also on the scaffold on the memorable January 31st, had at

the Restoration a secret interview with Louis XVIII., to whom he recounted minutely the death of the last French king. The 'Memoirs' have become very rare even in France." . . . It is suggested that a neat but cheap edition of Thoreau and Theodore Winthrop would meet with popular welcome. In these days of many books, neat but low-priced editions of many of our authors are in demand. . . . Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., the well-known publishers, have removed to Broadway, opposite Astor Place, where they have one of the most elegant and spacious book-stores in the country, and in this land of handsome book-stores this is a good deal to say. If we were to judge of the literary tastes of the people solely by the extent and character of the warehouses of those who make and distribute books, America would rank very far indeed above every other country. . . . The great Italian tragedian Rossi is writing his memoirs. . . . Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure" having been produced at a Western theatre, a critic speaks of its being "fearfully expurgated." It would be a rather "fearful" presentation without expurgation. . . . Gill & Co., of Boston, will publish Victor Cherbuliez's novel, "Romance of an Honest Woman," translated from the French by Miss Pike. It is reported to be an unusually pure book—for a French novel.

The Arts.

SILVER ART-WORK IN AMERICA.

UNTIL within a few years, the lion, the anchor, and the letter G engraved on the bottom of the silver-ware commonly used in American families, attracted little or no attention. The jeweler's name from whom the articles were bought came underneath these cabalistic characters, and that fixed the standard of the plate and afforded sufficient information for most people.

The explanation of these characters, however, is simple enough. In 1831 the Gorham Company for the manufacture of silver-ware was founded, and from that time till the present it has gone on developing its resources and increasing its sales. The "G" on the bottom of silver-ware stands for the name of this company; the lion marks the purity of the metal as that of the British standard; and the anchor is the arms of Rhode Island, these goods being manufactured at Providence, in that State. Till the sales-rooms of the company were established in Bond Street, in this city, four years ago, the company traded mainly with dealers, and hence the Gorham Manufacturing Company was nearly unknown to private individuals; but now its New-York City trade is largely with private individuals, though nearly every other large city in the United States is still supplied through its own jewelers and silversmiths with dinner-sets and tea-services, knives, forks, spoons, and fancy articles, bearing the enigmatical characters described above.

It was on a dreary day of this stormy month that we wandered into the rooms of the Gorham Manufacturing Company, entirely ignorant of the splendor of this great silver-shop. A large room, fitted up with black-walnut cases from floor to ceiling, met our

eyes, all ablaze with articles of silver-ware in every conceivable form.

If Aladdin had found himself in a silver cave instead of the famous cave of jewels and gems, he could not have been more astonished than we were on entering this magnificent palace of silver. One of the most intelligent of our citizens, who has traveled extensively in foreign lands, and always with his eyes open, said to us, not long ago, that the very multitude of the industries of the United States prevented them from being properly appreciated, especially as they are spread over a continent, and not concentrated in a few cities, so as to be easily inspected and understood.

This remark recurred to us as we wandered down the long alleys of this great silver-shop, the largest in the world devoted exclusively to this branch of art-manufacture. We examined, in their different sections, embossed, engraved, chased, polished silver articles. From the elaborate centre-piece for a dinner-table, costing thousands of dollars, to a baby's tiny spoon and mug, what a wealth of experience, taste, thought, and skill, were here applied! One of the experts of the house accompanied us, and explained the variety of processes employed, the different national styles, and the experiments that had been required to bring the art to its present perfection.

Here were thousands of articles, chiefly for domestic use, intended to enrich homes in every part of the land, and made of every known form—Etruscan, Egyptian, Greek, and English.

In a satin case, where delicate material was wrinkled to resemble sea-waves, rested a set of silver for a wedding-present. The forms of jugs and pitchers, bowls and platters, had all the grace and elegance that French taste could adapt from antique shapes. The body of the article was in satin finish, as the half-sheen surface, which resembles so closely the gloss of satin, is technically called. Round the top of each piece were chased bands of more than an inch in depth; a classic method of treating modern designs. Here were admirable scenes representing all the phases of courtship that should lead to marriage; domestic scenes; out-of-door walks; interiors of homes with parents and lovers together. And, finally, there were babies' nurseries, and the later scenes and incidents of married life.

In a similar elegant case was a christening-set for a child, in which, around the mug, the dinner-tray, and other pieces, was an engraved margin which told the story of a child's life from babyhood up to the little boy with jacket and cap playing antics with his dog.

Many of the decorations of the vessels exhibited, laboriously hammered out from the silver metal, had a homely natural charm like that produced by the spirited vignettes in Bewick's "British Birds." Among them were stories of little children, tales of young people's lives and loves, with branches of trees and bits of undergrowth, homely and very genuine. Our guide showed us a silver pitcher twelve inches high, elaborately chased with flowers and fruit. Every

leaf was sharp and perfect, and, forming a background to the clusters of objects, the silver groundwork in medallion form was ainted to the sheen of snow. All this decoration was made by a little hammer and fine chisel, driving the plain silver surface down to form these sharp and varied objects. The snow-like surface of the groundwork of the medallions was made by thousands of blows of the hammer carefully repeated with great evenness.

On other articles were heads of deer and bears, oxen and birds, in full relief, and as clean-cut as those on any purely ornamental bronze. Handles and knobs for household dishes had been studied from Nature, moulded in clay and wax, and cast and sharpened and burnished and finished by the hand of the silversmith. We saw many designs whose cost was several thousand dollars before they could be used in silver at all. These designs could afterward be applied a large number of times, and in different ways—small parts of them decorating the side of a vessel, a larger section forming the ornamental rim, or one figure alone being moulded in coin, and then smelted upon the plate. On one set of forks they had produced what they called the "Raphael design," a scroll-work, an imitation of the figures that form the decoration of the "Stanze" of the Vatican. On others articles were hammered figures, clear and sharp, classic shapes of the style in which Flaxman decorated the Wedgwood-ware.

We were shown also a great portfolio of exquisite drawings, the original designs for fancy utensils, and these were like the finished pictures of an artist. In connection with their factory this company has an art-library which has cost more than thirty thousand dollars, containing every book, old and new, that could illustrate the subject.

Old Bond Street, in London, is the centre of the silversmiths of Great Britain, and at present it appears as if Bond Street, in New York, was to be the nucleus of the trade in America.

RUBINSTEIN, since his return to Europe, has signalized himself by the composition of two works, each one quite remarkable of its kind—a symphony known as "The Dramatic," and an opera called "The Demon." The former of these was given at the last Thomas symphony concert, and startled all that heard it by the beauty and power shown in every portion of the work, a marked advance on the "Ocean" symphony by which Rubinstein was best known to his American admirers before.

The new symphony may indeed be almost said to mark a new departure in the composer's career. It indicates the attainment of an individuality as a musical thinker, as marked of its kind as that of Beethoven, Weber, or Schumann. The symphony is marked with an Oriental splendor of design, and, in fact, is sometimes overlaid with striking effects. Though, of course, modeled after Beethoven's style in some respects, those familiar with Slavonic music did not fail to discover in the new symphony salient traits of nationality and intellectual kinship.

Weber and his followers did more than all others to build up a great national school of German music, by elaborating the people's folk-song in opera and symphony, thus catching the very breath of the popular feeling, and putting it in their compositions. The Russian composers seem to be following the same wise system, and the results have already been quite remarkable. "The Dramatic" symphony is full of Slavonic feeling. The atmosphere of the race breathes in its measures, though the structure is highly scholarly and elaborate. There is so much in the work that even the intelligent interpretation of Mr. Thomas, and the splendid performance by his band, could not make it fully appreciated on the first hearing. It is to be hoped the symphony will be repeated again before long.

The other work to which we referred, the opera of "The Demon," has been performed at St. Petersburg with great success, although some of the critics of the Russian metropolis profess to find in it rather the work of the accomplished musician than the poet. Much of the music, however, has found an echo in the popular heart, a surer test of excellence than any verbal criticism, however favorable. "The Demon" is said to be the first Russian opera since the "Rusalka" of Dargomyjski, written in the pure style, and not in the Wagner school, which has made great favor among the Russian musicians—Glinka, the best known of them, having been an ardent devotee of the new system.

The statement current in some of the journals that American steel-plate engravers cannot do as good work in figure-subjects as those abroad is erroneous. We have a class of engravers here that do the very best figure-work, who are, indeed, about the only engravers who still work exclusively in pure line, but they are monopolized by the bank-note companies, and cannot be secured for ordinary book-plates. The statement which we have copied was originally made pertinent to the plates sent abroad for the new ART JOURNAL. The publishers of the ART JOURNAL were under the necessity of doing this simply because it was impossible to secure the services of men here whose skill, unfortunately, is far too exclusively employed on bank-note vignettes. In these vignettes there is exhibited the very best work now done anywhere. Steel-plate engraving, outside of this class, is on the decline. It is said that no new men are coming forward in England, so that when the present race of artists are compelled to lay down their implements, the art will find no successors to carry it on. In this case the bank-note system will be the means of perpetuating the art, and we trust the bank-note companies will eventually send out for general purposes a school of trained and efficient artists.

WE glean from the April number of the ART JOURNAL a few items in regard to American artists in Paris. Mr. Healey has just completed a portrait of the English ambassador, and has begun the portrait of a celebrated American beauty now in Paris; this and the portrait of a young American lady-artist will be exhibited at the Salon. Mr. D. R. Knight has finished a fine picture of a view on the

Seine near Poissy. It is asserted that Meissonier speaks highly of the abilities of this young artist. At the exhibition of the Société des Amis des Arts, Mr. Frank Buchser has a scene of Virginia life, showing a party of negroes making merry over a lot of water-melons. . . . "We understand," says the *Academy*, "that the great picture that the Paris world is expecting from Gustave Doré at the forthcoming Salon, the subject of which has been made somewhat of a mystery, represents a scene in 'L'Inferno.' It is a work that has been in the artist's studio for many years, but is only now finished. The criticism that we have heard passed upon it is that 'it is so full of writhing serpents that it resembles nothing so much as a bag of eels.' . . . The excavations near Avigliana, in Piedmont, have resulted in several important discoveries of urns, vases, and like objects, as well as the remains of a vast edifice of the Roman period. . . . Mr. C. W. Elliott recently gave a lecture before the Art-Club of Boston on "Old Porcelain." His observations were confined to Chinese and Japanese productions. China, we are told, has led all the nations in this manufacture, the terms china and porcelain being almost synonymous. The Chinese had reached great perfection in the art of making pottery three thousand years before the Christian era, but porcelain dates even further back than this. Fine porcelain has always the quality of translucency. It is known as hard and soft porcelain, the hard paste requiring more kaolin, the soft paste less. The materials used were selected with the greatest care. They were combined, ground, and mixed with consummate knowledge; they were moulded with great dexterity, and often with the most delicate perception of form, and they were decorated in many cases with most exquisite knowledge of the value and harmony of color. The production of porcelain was at its height about the year 1000 in the city of King-te-Chin in the province of Kiansi, where a million souls found employment at the trade. . . . Among recent additions of sculpture to the Capitol at Washington are a statue of General Greene by H. K. Browne, and of Roger Williams by Simmons, both in marble; of Roger Sherman and Jonathan Trumbull, both in marble, by Ives; of George Clinton by H. K. Browne, and Edward Livingston by Palmer, both in bronze.

Correspondence.

CEDAR KEYS, FLORIDA, March 15, 1875.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal:

PLEASE allow me a word before you utterly ruin the reputation of the Gulf-shore of Florida by your quotations from Captain Townshend. That tourists and sportsmen may come in contact with mosquitoes, sand-flies, snakes, alligators, etc., I do not deny, but to the pirates and Indians I decidedly object; and I must say that Captain Townshend has listened with credulous ears to some yarns which would have done honor to Munchausen. His skipper was evidently one of the imaginative variety. For nearly ten years past I have spent a large portion of my time in cruising along-shore, including in my rambles some three hundred miles of the coast; a large portion of these cruises have been made alone, in a very small boat. I therefore feel myself qualified to speak of the dangers which are and which are not to be met with upon the coast that includes the range and the ranch of notorious Captain Jocelyn. I also have the honor of a personal acquaintance with that

noted desperado. First and foremost of Captain Townshend's statements, Jocelyn's ranch is not on Carrabo, but on Cayo Carrajo; next, if he professes to be an Englishman, I have never heard of it; he hails from Massachusetts, and as to his antecedents being unknown to Captain Townshend and his skipper, they are well known to most people along the coast. He is an old ship-captain, and said to be an excellent navigator and a thorough seaman. He was first known on this coast as the captain of a blockade-runner during the war; since the war, as captain of a steamer belonging in New Orleans, and as coast-pilot at various times and on various steamers; his piratical practices, you may rest assured, are all imaginary; as to his character, he is as rough a customer in manner and speech as one need wish to meet; and were you to ask those who know him, nine out of ten would tell you that he was the worst old growler on the whole coast. Had Captain Townshend been thrown upon the hospitality of Jocelyn, I doubt not that he would have shared the best that the ranch afforded, and would have left with a very different opinion of Jocelyn. So much for the pirates—not on Jocelyn's account, but for the reputation of the coast.

The Crackers seemed to have amused themselves by getting up Indian sights and Indian rumors for the especial benefit of the strangers. The fact is, the Indians have far better hunting-grounds nearer home, and it is a very rare thing for them to venture as far as Fort Meade on a trading-tour, never to hunt. One would stand about as good a chance of finding a treasure as of meeting an Indian. Now, for Captain Townshend's application of the term "Crackers," I object to his reading entirely. The term is of Georgia origin, and signifies "corn-cracker," i. e., one who is supposed to live mostly on corn, and is applied to that class which the average colored voter delights to honor with the appellation of "poor white trash." The party to whom he applies the term appear to have been simply desperadoes, a class not confined to any section or condition—such men as defy the law when they fall under its ban, and seek a sparsely-settled country, that they may more effectually evade arrest. And, if I am correct in supposing the one whom he speaks of to be a noted character, killed in that section last year, I can assure Captain Townshend that, had he thought it in the captain's head to call him a Cracker, he would have shot him on the bare suspicion; and if the person is the one referred to, Captain Townshend did not tarry long enough to hear the end of the tragedy, for the bosom-friend of the man who was killed rode some hundreds of miles to kill the man who shot his friend, which he did, and returned to his usual haunts.

But with all such characters there is very little necessity for a stranger to come in contact, unless he is in the habit of frequenting places where whiskey is sold. Captain Townshend refers to Cedar Keys, as if he feared to waste words on it, and he takes a most unwarrantable liberty in changing the name to Cross Keys. Now, for the noble captain's edification, I will inform him that, by some people, Cedar Keys is supposed to be the centre of the universe, or, at least, there are maps in existence in which Cedar Keys is the centre, from which diverge, to all points of the compass, lines supposed to represent paths of steamships and railroads, said lines vanishing in the dim distance, and supposed to take a general circulation through the planetary system. But, at all events, Cedar Keys is worthy the captain's notice—worthy the notice of the

sportsman, the naturalist, the pleasure-seeker, or the invalid: a far better climate than that of the St. Johns country; fish and oysters of the best quality *ad libitum*, plenty of wild-fowl, large game in easy reach, and an almost unlimited scope for boating among the islands and bays; but, unfortunately, no large hotels to attract the crowds of tourists who throng the east coast. But, to one satisfied to rough it, there is every inducement. You seem to think Captain Townshend may be given to travelers' tales in speaking of the fish in Charlotte Harbor, but he has not told a tithe of it, because he has not seen it. He appears to have been following on the trail of Sir St. George Gore, the "veteran sportsman." If it requires a carload of horses and dogs, five or six servants, and a supply of miscellaneous baggage which would do honor to the headquarters of an army to go out to shoot a few birds, it is to be hoped that veteran sportsmen are scarce.

The most notable of Sir St. George Gore's exploits, of which I have heard, is of his rising in the night and taking a shot at a shirt which one of his men had hung up to dry.

The fact is, when you find so-called hunters carrying so many *impedimenta*, their hunting will not amount to much. The only English party which has come under my observation that seemed to get its full money's worth of sport, was Lord Parker's, so called, who, with two friends, in an open boat, hiring pilots and guides at different points, hunted the whole coast from Cedar Keys round the peninsula to Jacksonville; they took it at their leisure, taking four or five months at it, and evidently enjoyed themselves to the utmost; and, instead of trying to carry supplies for the trip, they sent their boat for supplies when needed. They stopped as long as the hunting was good, and then moved on. This is by far the best plan, as, by having a boat, and following the coast, one's means of transportation are always at his command.

Captain Townshend makes one acknowledgment which he had better have withheld—that is, the killing of wild-cattle; for, though free to those owning a mark and brand in the range, to any other person it is stealing by law, and oftentimes the penalty is sudden death, without benefit of clergy, at the hands of the cow-drivers.

I trust I have said enough to prevent the interruption of any contemplated trip down this coast by fears of Captain Jocelyn or wild Indians, or such dangers out of the usual run. If so, I am done.

CAUSON, JR.

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

March 10, 1875.

OF late Parisian critics have been calling attention to the decided change which, during a year or two past, has taken place in the tastes of the theatre-going public of Paris. During a long period, dating, in fact, from the first days of the empire, the only form of the drama which was popular, even with the most intelligent and thoughtful class of play-goers here, was comedy. The amusements of the masses, likewise, took their tinge from the laughter-loving proclivities of their betters. The popular pieces, the great successes at the leading theatres, were all comedies. The great popular successes at the minor ones were broad farces and *opéra-bouffe*. At the Comédie Française and the Odéon heroic verse was voted a bore, and tragedy was considered drea-

ry and uninteresting. Sarcasm took the place of sentiment, and Sardou, Meilhac, and Halévy, and the younger Dumas, replaced Racine, Corneille, and Victor Hugo. The Bouffes Parisiens flourished, while the Ambigu and the Porte St.-Martin gave themselves up to spectacular pieces, or else performed the traditional melodramas, which, at least, gave scope for good acting, and demanded skilled performers, to empty benches. Rachel, it is true, had ere this time given to tragedy a brief popularity, but it was an ephemeral existence, owing to the galvanic power of genius, and not to any actual health of life transfused into the nostrils of the defunct.

But within the last year a change has passed over the face of the dramatic world. Beginning with the immense and overwhelming success of "Les Deux Orphelins," it further became manifested in the vogue acquired by Mdlle. Rouscel's powerful personation of the heroine of "L'Idole," and it has at last culminated in the unexpected interest manifested in the revivals of "Phédre" and "Zaire" at the Comédie Française, and by the triumph recently achieved at the same theatre (and fully chronicled in the pages of this JOURNAL) of M. de Bornier's fine tragedy of "La Fille de Roland." A striking exemplification of this change in theatrical tastes was recently made manifest. "Nos Bons Villageois," by Sardou, has been, within the last few weeks, revived at the Gymnase. When the piece was first brought out, some nine years ago, the public was enchanted with the first two acts, which treat almost exclusively of the narrow-mindedness, the meanness, and the laughable pomposity of the petty village magnates, while the last two, which are strongly melodramatic in subject and incident, came near compromising the success of the play. At the revival the other night, on the contrary, the first two acts were listened to with unmistakable signs of *ennui* and weariness, while the concluding two, with their quick succession of contending passions and striking incidents, thoroughly aroused the interest of the audience, and were loudly applauded. And "La Fille de Roland," mounted merely to serve as a stop-gap for a weak point in the season, has proved an immense success, both *d'estime* and *d'argent*.

The author of this praised and successful work, who has achieved the highest triumph known to dramatic art, namely, the successful production of a work of the loftiest type on the stage of the most artistic theatre in the world, is an elderly gentleman, the descendant and chief of a highly-aristocratic but impoverished family. M. de Bornier is a viscount by title, and boasts of as long descent as any duke in the Faubourg St.-Germain. The eldest of a family of thirteen children, he came early in life to Paris, to make a career for himself, and, after varied vicissitudes, he was named guardian of the library of the Arsenal, which post he still retains. For years past he has devoted all his leisure to the production of tragedies in verse, never succeeding in finding a manager who would be willing to bring one of them out, and yet toiling at his beloved verses with constant and untiring industry. Eleven years ago was "La Fille de Roland" written. Six years have elapsed since it was first accepted by the manager of the Comédie Française. He has waited long for his triumph, but it has come at last.

In the days that succeeded the Commune M. de Bornier came near losing his life in retribution for the deeds of another. As a detachment of the Versaillist troops were passing the Arsenal, just after their first entrance

into Paris, a shot, fired from one of the lower windows of the building, struck and mortally wounded a soldier. In those days passions were at their height, law was suspended, and vengeance for such deeds was swift and summary. A squad of soldiers entered the Arsenal, searched it thoroughly, and discovered in the library its lawful guardian—the unfortunate poet. To drag him from the house, to place him against a wall, and to tell off a detachment of men to shoot him, was all the work of a moment. M. de Bornier, taken by surprise, stunned, and horrified, made no resistance, and even forbore to proffer any remonstrance. Just as the executioners were about to take aim, a second division of the searching-party came up. They had discovered in the cellar of the arsenal the real culprit, an insurgent, who had taken refuge there, and who, captured red-handed, with his just-discharged gun still in his grasp, made no attempt to deny his crime. M. de Bornier was thrust aside, the wretched Communist was shoved into his place against the wall, the report of the guns awoke the echoes, and then the soldiers departed, leaving the poet alone with a bleeding corpse, which, but for a moment's delay, might have been his own.

As an instance of the increasing vogue of tragedy, it is announced that the "Maitresse Légitime," at the Odéon, is shortly to be succeeded by a drama in five acts, and in verse, which bears the striking title of "A Tragedy under Philip II." Its author, M. Porto Rico, is a very young man, not having yet completed his twenty-fifth year. Mdlle. Roussel is engaged to create the character of the heroine, *Donna Carmen d'Aguilas*, which is, by-the-way, the only female character in the piece. Respecting Mdlle. Roussel, it is again rumored that she has accepted an engagement to visit the United States during the centennial year, and that the authors of "L'Idole," MM. Cressafelle and Stapleaux, are engaged on a new drama for her, to be entitled "Le Huron." It is to be hoped that the writers, or the managers, or the actress herself, will get some native-born American to read over the play before it is presented to the American public, else we will stand a chance of being treated to tropical forests and tiger-hunts and other such *crasseuses* features of life among the North-American savages.

Bressant has made his *réentrée* at La Comédie Française, in Scribe's charming though actionless comedy of "Un Verre d'Eau," which is chiefly remarkable for the cool manner in which it falsifies the personages and the events of English history at so late a date as the reign of Queen Anne. The transformation of that exemplary though commonplace personage, the queen herself, into a sighing, sentimental lady, with a passion for the young officer Masham, the future husband of Abigail Hill, is enough to make that stout and moral sovereign turn in her grave at the very idea. Nor could any fancy picture differ more widely from an historical portrait than does Croizette, who plays *Queen Anne*, differ from the personage she represents. That tall, beautifully-moulded form, that *hispanique* beauty and lithe, serpentine grace, those strange, dark, almond-shaped eyes—could any thing be imagined more widely removed from the plump *bourgeoise* comeliness of Queen Anne in her last days? Evidently La Comédie in producing this play did not follow the example set by the Odéon when "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV." was brought out, when in each actor's dressing-room was placed a copy of some authentic portrait of the personage he or she was to represent, and which they were required to faithfully reproduce in their

"make-up." Croizette plays the part of the *ennuyée* and sentimental princess (it was the character in which she made her first appearance, on any stage, six years ago), with admirable contrasts of languid weariness and fiery irritation. Madeleine Brohan, whom we have scarcely seen at all this season, is the very picture of an imperious great lady, as the *Duchess of Marlborough*. Twenty-one years ago she was the most beautiful actress on the Parisian boards, and was considered the rival of Rachel, at least in attractiveness, by reason of her exquisite loveliness. Whither have they all departed, those radiant charms? It was whispered in those days that the fickle heart of Napoleon III. had been won by these dazzling eyes, and that the lady, being an ardent Legitimist, had scornfully rejected the imperial suit. Now, stout, matronly, and middle-aged, all trace of the once all-conquering beauty which remains is to be found in the fine dark eyes and in the delicately-moulded mouth and chin. Brohan, the beautiful, has become elderly and respectable, and is devoted now to her religious and maternal duties. Bressant shows traces of the severe illness which has kept him so long from the boards. He acts with all his usual grace and finish, and his *Bolingbroke* was, as ever, an admirable personation, but there was an ominous twitching about his right hand which seemed like a threatening of future paralysis.

There are to be several changes of some magnitude in the company of La Comédie this spring. Pierre Berton leaves its ranks to enter the Vaudeville. The younger Coquelin, indignant at his rejected candidature for the honors of *sociétairerie*, has signed an engagement with the management of Les Variétés. Blanche Baretta, and pretty little Mademoiselle Faasy, are to leave the Odéon for the Comédie, a vast step upward for the latter, who made her *début* only last autumn.

There has been a new opera produced at the Opéra Comique during the past week. It is called "Carmen," the words being by MM. Meilhac and Halévy, and the music by M. Bizet. The subject of the *libretto* is taken from a novel by Prosper Mérimée. The heroine is a Spanish gypsy girl, an impudent, shameless, and totally depraved creature. The character, admirably personated by Madame Galli Moire, is a thoroughly unpleasant one, and the whole of the dramatic portion of the work is disagreeable and unsympathetic. The music is commonplace in style and treatment, and its best part is a palpable imitation of Auber. The first act is, musically speaking, the best part of the work. There is also a bull-fighter's song which is very spirited, and which was honored with an encore.

Goupil exhibits in his window a view of a Scotch lake by Gustave Doré. Sketchy and slight in execution as are too often the works of this celebrated painter, it is, however, a wonderful reproduction of Nature. The sky, surcharged with flying clouds and rolling mists, the steel-like glint of the water under the gleam of a fleeting ray of watery sunshine, the heather-clad slopes of the hills in the foreground, all bring before the vision the very scene itself with all its peculiarities of atmosphere and soil. Meissonier is going to Rome to spend two months. Gérôme will not exhibit any thing at the Salon this year, it is said, his last completed painting, "The Sword-Dance," which he had intended to send there, having been purchased by an English picture-dealer. The fine exhibition of the Cercle Artistique, on the Place Vendôme, came near being destroyed the other day, the house next door having taken fire. Fortunately, the

flames were extinguished before they had spread farther than the apartment in which they originated, so that the Dorés, the Viberis, and the other treasures collected in the rooms of the Cercle, escaped without injury.

The sale of M. Guizot's library has attracted but little attention. It is said that among the authors whose works were absent from the catalogue were Ariosto, Æschylus, Molière, Balzac, and Victor Hugo. Possibly the heirs of the great statesman had withdrawn the writings of these authors. The library itself is said to have been that of an historian rather than that of a collector, being especially rich in works of historical reference.

The inauguration of the monument to Aimée Desclée is to take place to-day at the conclusion of the anniversary service in commemoration of her death, which is to be held at the Church of St-Laurent. The monument, which is the joint offering to her memory of MM. Montigny, the director of the Gymnase, Meilhac and Halévy, the authors of "Frou-Frou," and Alexandre Dumas, is erected in Père-la-Chaise, and is to be unveiled to-day. It consists of a bust of the lamented artist placed upon a pedestal, on which are inscribed the names of the leading characters in the personation of which she won her fame, including *Frou-Frou*, *La Princesse Georges*, and *La Femme de Claude*.

The other night the opera was closed, it having been found impossible to give a representation on account of the illness of all the tenors belonging to the company. There are six of them, and very absurd did the posted announcement look of the closing of the opera-house "on account of the illness of MM. Villaret, Solomon, Bosquin, Achard, Sylva, and Vergnet." Somebody maliciously posted over the bills at the door the following line: "Hospital for Invalid Tenors," which was, of course, removed by the directors as soon as it was noticed, but not before it had been espied and the joke heartily enjoyed by the public.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

March 4, 1875.

SAVE bad novels and worse verse, we have had very little of late in the shape of literature—periodical literature, of course, excepted. All the book-publishers seem to have played their best cards with the opening of the year, and now, like Micawber—excuse the hackneyed quotation—they are waiting for something to "turn up." And a good deal will probably turn up very soon, for the authors are hard at work. This is their busiest season; this is the time they sow that they may reap.

The "Diary" of the late Dr. John Epps has just been issued. You have heard of the doctor, of course—him of cocoa fame. He was something more than a mere homœopathic practitioner, it appears. As this diary—published by his widow for the gratification of his friends and admirers—shows, he was an energetic reform agitator, and a very shrewd one to boot. Nearly forty years ago he wrote to a friend: "Let me request you to turn your attention at the present moment to the necessity of awakening the energies of the electors of Sussex to the subject of Church-Establishment abolition. It is now time." Nearly forty years ago, too, the doctor was a great supporter of the views of the Plimsdale of that period, a Mr. Ballingall, who had published a pamphlet declaring that merchant-ships were

often "made to sink." But Dr. Epps was not only a reformer and an homeopathist, but he was a phrenologist also, and as such he examined the bumps of many people of note—those of Lady Byron, for instance. He was a personal friend of her ladyship, and it is of her head he writes: "Over the organs of conscientiousness, firmness, and self-esteem, I found there was considerable heat, and I mentioned the circumstance to Lady Byron, to her great astonishment placing my fingers on the organs. It was most interesting in relation to phrenology, though in itself sad. Lady Byron suffered great pain in this part of the head, and said she often had to apply cold water and other cold lotions. Necessarily in the struggle through which she had passed in reference to her husband, those faculties of the mind called conscientiousness, firmness, and self-esteem, must have been largely called upon to back up other organs. It must have been a hard struggle to keep down any yearnings for sympathy." The entries are put together in a very slipshod way, but, as I have implied, many of them are noble reading. They help to link the days just gone with sixty years ago.

The 26th of February was a great night at the Lyceum Theatre. It was then that Mr. Irving gave his one-hundredth representation of *Hamlet*. Mr. Bateman took care to make as much as he could of the occasion. There never was a more noteworthy audience. Half of our well-known authors, actors, and artists, and nearly all our chief London journalists, were present—one and all by special invitation of the indefatigable lessee. Naturally, Mr. Irving was on his mettle, and I never saw him play better. Some of his business and by-play has been much altered for the better; and he has now gained a much greater command over his voice, which on the first nights was terribly harsh and quivering—indeed, at some points almost ludicrous. After the play came a grand banquet in the saloon of the theatre. At this the notabilities were as thick as blackberries. Sir Baldwin Leighton, a well-known patron of the drama, was there; Mr. Swinburne was there; Mr. W. H. Wills, the author of "Charles I.," was there; Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr., was there; Mr. Piggott, the new examiner of plays, was there; Mr. Benjamin Webster was there; Mr. — But enough; let me rather make brief mention of what took place. There was not much speechifying. Mr. Bateman, of course, presided, and Mr. Piggott opened the proceedings by proposing his health. The opportunity was a good one for Mr. Piggott, for it enabled him to eulogize the legitimate drama at the expense of the senseless "leg-pieces" which have been so much in vogue. Then arose Mr. Bateman. He was overcome by the enthusiastic way in which the toast had been responded to, but he felt that it was in some small measure his due. He had shown the world that Shakespeare was not played out; he had "discovered" the greatest actor of the time, etc., etc. He concluded by proposing the health of Mr. Irving. That young tragedian's honors sit well upon him. In a modest speech he said he felt great consolation in the fact that his brother-artists had spoken so favorably of his labors. He owed them much. It was from his old friend Mr. Benjamin Webster that his first most impressive inspiration had come—that was long ago, when he was serving his apprenticeship to the stage at Edinburgh. He begged leave to propose that gentleman's health. Mr. Webster's words in response were few and well-ordered. The *Hamlet* of Mr. Irving ranked, in his opinion, next to the

Hamlet of Edmund Kean. The health of Sir Baldwin Leighton was then drunk, and he in his turn coupled the toast of "The Drama" with the health of Mr. Wills. Mr. Charles Dickens followed. His was by far the best speech of the evening. He has much of his father's style; his remarks were racy and full of humor. He doubted, he said, whether, after all, it was Mr. Bateman who had discovered Mr. Irving. He thought it was his father. He remembered him coming home one night after he had been to see "The Lancashire Lass," and saying: "A young fellow sits on a table chewing the end of a cigar, and is bullied by *Scam Emery*; his name is Henry Irving, and, if that young man does not some day come out as a great actor, I know nothing of the art."

After Mr. Dickens, Mr. Chippendale, the veteran actor (he is almost seventy), who plays *Polonius* to Mr. Irving's *Hamlet*. He had played, he said, the same character to the *Hamlets* of Edmund Kean, John Kemble, and Charles Young; but Mr. Irving's personation was the most natural and truthful of all.

And so ended a right pleasant evening. I have dwelt on it at length, because the proceedings have not been reported here, and because I fancy it may interest your readers.

Remarkable, indeed, is the progress Mr. Irving has made in his profession. I remember well when he was a humble "pro" in Glasgow. At that time he was even thinner than he is now (he is very "tall and lanky"), and for some reason or other had got out of the good books of the "gods." The consequence was not at all pleasant. He was frequently hooted and hissed at; fun was poked at him in the most unmerciful way. One night this kind of thing was going on, when a stentorian voice exclaimed: "Hold your whist, will ye! It's not the man at all! It's only his *shadow*!" Mr. Irving can afford to smile at these incidents now; and, in sooth, he does so. On my recalling them to his mind the other day he laughed consumedly. By-the-way, in the by-gone years I have been speaking of, Irving showed very little promise. Happening to mention to a well-known poet that the Irving was the Irving he had known in the smoky Scotch city, he remarked: "Why, it's simply incredible! There was nothing in him that I could see. Quite the other way, indeed!" Hard study works wonders, and no one studies harder than Mr. Irving. His next assumption will be *Othello*—then, perhaps, *Sir Giles Overreach*.

Two novels, which Messrs. Chapman & Hall have issued within the last few days, are much above the average. The one is "Jerpoint, an Ungarnished Story for the Time," by Mr. M. F. Mahony, the author of "The Misadventures of Mr. Catlyne, Q. C.," the other is "an historical romance" called "The Lion in the Path," by the authors of "Abel Drake's Wife" and "Gideon's Rock." The scene of "Jerpoint" is laid in Ireland; "The Lion in the Path" is a story of the days of Charles II., and is partly founded on incidents in the career of that monarch.

The same firm have just issued an edition of M. Rambosson's "Astronomy." This is an admirable work, simple in language, yet remarkably lucid. Rambosson, you know, is the laureate of the Institute of France. He spent many years in preparing the present treatise, which has been carefully translated by C. B. Pitman. It contains a large number of wood-engravings, maps, and colored plates.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have three or four new books of travel in the press. Two of these will be most eagerly looked for—"Akim-

Foo, the History of a Failure," by Major W. F. Butler, C. B., whose graphic and picturesque descriptions of "The Great Lone Land" and "The Wild North Land" have brought him into fame even more than his gallant actions on the battle-field; and Colonel Warburton's account of his "Journey across Australia." This latter volume is being edited by Messrs. Eden and Bates, of the Royal Geographical Society.

Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. are about to bring out a complete edition of the works of Sidney Dobell. It will contain an introductory notice and memoir by Mr. John Nicoll, M. A., the Professor of English Literature in the Glasgow University.

Messrs. Macmillan promise us, in a day or two, a work which will doubtless be right interesting—namely, "Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries." One of the great tragedian's executors, Sir Frederick Pollock, is seeing the volume through the press.

I met R. H. Horne, the author of the famous "farthing epic," "Orion," for the first time the other day. Like his brother-bard, Browning, he is capital company; like Browning, too, he is very short in stature—only an inch or so over five feet, I should imagine. By-the-way, yet another of our best modern singers, Swinburne, is about the same height. Strong instances these of the truth of that well-known dictum of Dr. Watts, "The mind's the standard of the man." I suppose you know that one of your own poets is over here just now. I mean Joaquin Miller. He was entertained at the Whitefriars Club last week. "Joaquin was in great force," said one of the members to me. "One couldn't get a word in, and we didn't want to!"

March 11th.

THE other day a most interesting social event took place—the celebration of the silver-wedding of Mr. and Mrs. George Cruikshank. On the occasion the veteran artist (he is over fourscore, hale and hearty, and still fond of using his pen) was visited in his snug Hampstead home by hundreds of our best-known artists, authors, and scientists, among those present being Mr. S. C. Hall, whose golden-wedding was celebrated only a few weeks ago. In responding to the many kind congratulations of his friends and admirers, Mr. Cruikshank expressed a hope that the complete series of his drawings and designs which he has in his possession would be purchased by the nation. He had no doubt that artists would find in them many suggestions. Who can doubt it? Mr. Cruikshank has been the most prolific artist of his century. When the century was very young, indeed, he was hard at work; as to the merits of his productions—well, his illustrations to "Oliver Twist" alone should suffice to give him immortality.

His wonderful series of prints entitled "The Bottle" (they depict the life of a drunkard) have recently been republished here. When these first appeared, they created a perfect *furor*, as may be guessed when it is mentioned that the incidents they silently set forth were dramatized at eight London theatres at one time!

It is just possible that, following the example set by your Empire City, we shall have an illustrated daily paper here soon. The idea is certainly feasible, now that there are so many quick processes of reproduction in vogue. In a lecture on the "Art of Illustration" which Mr. Henry Blackburn, the author of "Artists

and Arabs," and other volumes of travel republished on your side of the Atlantic, delivered the other day, he dwelt very strongly on this point. An illustrated London newspaper—one that shall give pictorially the events of the previous day—is only a matter of time, and a very short time, said he; and, on the same occasion, Mr. H. Simpson, the well-known artist of the *Illustrated London News*, expressed a similar opinion. By-the-way, Mr. Blackburn's lecture was well worth listening to. Regarding the artistic merits of the New-York *Daily Graphic*, he said some rather hard words. According to him, we must have a higher-class publication than the at present "only illustrated daily paper in the world," and I am bound to say that this seemed to be the view taken by the audience on some of the *Daily-Graphic* etchings being handed round for inspection. The lecturer's main points were that none of the newly-introduced processes to supersede wood-engraving are at all equal to it in sharpness of outline, accuracy, or finish; that drawing is not taught early enough in our schools, the result being that the hand of the pupil often loses that freedom and grace of touch that it might otherwise have; and that the manifold points of interest and even beauty to be found in or near London are ignored by our artists, who go to Rome and the East for their inspiration when they might find it at home.

"Jane Shore," a favorite subject with our old playwrights, is the title of Mr. G. W. Wills's new drama. It has been produced at the Leeds Amphitheatre, Miss Heath, an actress who is wonderfully popular in the provinces, and yet who has never played in London, taking the title-role. If we are to judge from local criticism, the piece is a decided success. The situations are good, and the dialogue appropriate and poetical. This time Mr. Wills keeps pretty much to history; he has taken warning by the reception given to his "Charles I." *Jane Shore* is said to be a powerfully-drawn character, one which stands out in strong, bold relief. Especially dramatic is the scene in which the Duke of Gloucester tells her of the murder of the two princes in the Tower. On hearing the awful news, she passionately exclaims:

"Those two sweet princes killed? Oh, light of day,

How canst thou fall with innocent, fair light
On this foul, faithless man?
Not all the murders done on earth since Cain
Did strike his brother, catalogued together,
Can match this deed of thine!"

The play is in five acts. The first act shows her with her royal protector; in the second act her troubles begin. The king dead, she is spurned by those whom she had most befriended. Then it is that she returns to her husband, to hear that her child is dead. This announcement, coupled with angry words, drives her again away from home. The fourth act closes with her telling the queen of the murder of the two princes and of her own great loss. Thereupon her majesty, detesting poor *Jane* though she naturally does, falls into her arms, exclaiming:

"Oh, comfort thee, and let us share our sorrow!
We are both stricken women!"

And so the drop-scene falls. In the fifth act she is at length carried home by her husband, who confesses that, to punish her, he had deceived her about the child—that it still lives. A reconciliation takes place, and the husband brings in the babe, which she clasps with a wild cry of joy to her heart. Thus the drama ends.

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE AMERICAN LIFE-CAR.

IN continuation of the brief illustrated description of life-saving apparatus, begun in the JOURNAL of last week, attention is directed to the form and services of the life-car, now in general use in the stations along our coasts. The life-boat was the invention of an Englishman, while the car we are about to describe is of American parentage, and the services of the latter in the cause of humanity deserve to be regarded as equaling,



Fig. 1.—Life-Car.

though in no sense rivaling, those of the former. We say that there is no rivalry between these two humane agents, since the services of the car are only demanded when those of the boat are not available. The accompanying illustrations are sufficiently clear to demand but a brief description, which may be given as follows:

When it so happens that a ship is driven ashore on a beach, the surf of which precludes the possibility of launching the life-boat, the life-car is brought into service. In Fig. 1 we have an illustration of this life-car. It is made of light galvanized iron, and

stranded vessel, and that is accomplished as follows: A small mortar of five and one-half inch calibre is loaded with the requisite charge to send a twenty-pound iron ball above and over the wreck. This ball has a small staple in it, to which, before it is placed in the mortar, the end of a light line is attached, the line itself being either spread out on the beach, or so arranged on a frame as to be readily detached. At times a rocket is used in place of the mortar, as shown in Fig. 2, which also illustrates the course of the line out to and over the vessel.

Should the men at the station be expert or practical marksmen, the first discharge of the mortar sends the ball with the line directly over the ship's deck. Here it is eagerly secured and "hailed in," and thus a heavy hawser, and a light but strong line, are finally stretched from the shore to the ship. All is now in readiness for the life-car. The rings, to which we have alluded above, are slipped over the shore-line of the hawser, while the end of the lighter line that accompanies it is attached to the outer end of the car. A second light line is fastened to the rear end, and paid out as the crew of the vessel drag the car toward them through the surf. Thus we have a regular means of communication established between the vessel and the shore. So soon as the car reaches the ship's deck it is opened and loaded with its precious freight, the passengers assuming the position suggested in Fig. 1. The lid is then closed, the signal given, and the car begins its shoreward journey, drawn by

the coast-men on shore, and steadied by those who remain on the ship.

A hazardous journey, the reader doubtless surmises, and yet, in view of the end attained, we doubt whether the happy occupants of the life-car would have exchanged their narrow couch for the richest state-room on the proudest vessel that floats the sea. Thus much for the life-car and the method



Fig. 2.—Shooting the Rope to a Wrecked Vessel.

by which its services are rendered. A word now as to the actual value of these services, and this we will confine to a brief story of the wreck of the *Ayrshire*, as given at the time by a faithful chronicler of the event. It was the middle of January, and during a severe snow-storm. The ship *Ayrshire*, with about two hundred passengers, had been driven upon the shore near Long Branch, New Jersey, by the storm, and lay there stranded, the sea beating over her, and a surf so heavy rolling in as made it impossible for any boat to reach her. It happened that a life-saving station was near, and the

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life-car was soon at the beach. So accurate was the first fire, that the line fell directly across the wreck. It was caught by the crew, and the hawser and life-line hauled



Fig. 3.—The Car on the Rope.

aboard. Soon the car followed, and in a comparatively short time every one of the two hundred passengers, including men, women, children, and babes, were brought safely through the raging surf, and landed at the station. The car that performed this service was at once retired with honors, and was one of the objects to which its inventor, Mr. Francis, pointed with pride when strangers visited his metallic life-boat factory in this city.

Having closed our story of the life-boat in the last number by a record of the lives that have been saved since the establishment of the English stations, a kindred record as regards the American service is in order. From a recent authority, we learn that since the first establishment of the service the records of the Treasury Department up to 1872 show that five thousand six hundred and four lives have been saved in twenty-five years, an average of two hundred and twenty-four per year. This yearly average is about half that of Great Britain, a comparison which is wholly favorable, when the extent of her commerce is considered and compared with our own.

Having, in our former number, freely commended the services of the English life-boat, and bidden our readers cherish the memory of Lionel Lukin, we now bid them to honor the name and services of Joseph Francis, the inventor of the American life-car.

The record of the present year promises to prove one of marked significance and value in the several departments of research, included under the general title of "exploration and discovery." Foremost in extent of preparation, and the hazardous nature of the work attending its accomplishment, stands the new English Arctic Expedition. With the purpose and general character of this expedition our readers have been fully informed. The two vessels to be engaged are the *Alert* and *Discovery*. The chief command has been intrusted to Captain Nares, formerly of the *Challenger*, with Commander Markham as second-officer. The line

of route will be through Smith's Sound, and thence to the north-pole direct, turning neither to the right hand nor the left. The Berlin society have proposed to send an expedition up the east side of Greenland to join the English party in the mythical "open sea." Recent dispatches announce that Mr. Rickaby, a young sportsman, who went up Baffin's Bay in the *Erie* in 1873, and in 1874 visited Spitzbergen, proposes this year to fit out a vessel and make a voyage up Baffin's Bay, in the direction of Smith's Sound. Lieutenant Payer, the intrepid Austrian arctic explorer, is said to be making preparations, with a view to crossing the continental glacier of Greenland from east to west. Should he be successful, the results of his observations promise to be of great value in the department of physical geography. Turning to "lands of sun from lands of snow," we find that the African and Australian continents are to be most thoroughly explored. Lieutenant Cameron stands first as the legitimate successor of Livingstone in Africa. With his work, as accomplished or in continuance, our readers are familiar. The Berlin African Society are about to dispatch an expedition, under Captain von Homeyer, to explore Central Africa. Two expeditions are on their way from Cairo up the Nile, with the main purpose of opening roads and sinking wells. By one of these parties Lake Albert N'yanza will be carefully explored. A third party will make a geological and mineralogical survey of the region lying between the Nile and the Red Sea. Moving to the westward, we hear of a scientific exploration of Greece and Asia Minor. This expedition will be composed of German University professors, under the direction of Professor Christ, of the University of Munich.

In the far East, we find that the Celestial Empire is again to be invaded by the explorer. Colonel Horace Browne is to explore the province of Yunnan, and is to be accompanied by officers competent to make scientific observations and to collect and describe natural objects. Momein and Talifoo will be visited. At the latter point the party will embark on the great river Yangtse, and proceed down it to Shanghai. Australia is now being explored by Mr. Giles, who started from Adelaide on December 1st for Port Lincoln thence he will proceed to Port Eucla, thence in a northerly direction through unexplored districts to the Musgrave and Tomkinson mountains. Having accomplished this work, Mr. Giles will join the party organized by Mr. John Ross, and together they will attempt to penetrate to the West Australian coast-line between 28° and 30° thirty degrees latitude. This journey will be equalled in peril only by the arctic one. Six hundred miles of it lie through lands never trodden by the foot of man, and in many regions of which water is so scarce that only camels can be used as beasts of burden. The privations suffered by the former party have already been described in these columns. In the recounting of these new expeditions we find that our own countrymen are distinguished by their absence. Yet we are not altogether idle, having wild land and unexplored regions of our own, and to the survey and exploration of these our national and educational parties will devote special attention during the coming summer.

The history of many of the greatest inventions abounds in evidences that the inventor is often a debtor to "circumstance" for the first suggestions of his work. The following brief narrative of the discovery of lithography illustrates in a striking manner the value of an

observing habit as an aid to an inventive genius: "After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera of 'Don Juan,' at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage that no sparks had ignited about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered the room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased; a ticket stamp, moistened with printer's ink; and a check on the theatre treasury for his week's salary. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then, to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had carelessly before put the printing-stamp. Returning to his room on the following morning he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy on the damp paper. He gazed long at the check, a sudden thought flashed through his brain; he wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the chorus. That very morning he went out and purchased a larger stone, and commenced to make experiments, and, as we all know, finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography."

We learn from *Les Mondes* that at St. Petersburg and Riga, in West Russia, in 1849, and in Hanover in 1850, it was remarked that the jackdaws, sparrows, and swallows, abandoned the towns where the cholera epidemic prevailed, and returned only when the mortality had abated greatly or ceased altogether. In Galicia, on the 26th of September, 1872, the sparrows left the town of Przemyśl some day previous to the breaking out of the cholera, and only returned when the epidemic was over. The same was observed at Nuremberg and Munich, and the idea prevails among the people in these countries that the flight of these birds portends disaster. That this popular opinion belongs to the order of superstitions which abound among the lower classes, may be judged from the fact that similar flights of the birds often take place when no cholera threatens the people. In one of these instances the cholera appeared at harvest-time when the birds are wont to take flight to the harvest-fields. Again in July they often leave the cities to feast on the grasshoppers, beetles, etc., which are found in the new-cut hay-fields. So it appears that the fear of the peasant is often too strong for his reason; and, as in many another instance, a single "coincidence" is of more weight than a score of sensible reasons.

The success of the Siemens cremation-furnace, recently described and illustrated in these columns, coupled with the zeal of the advocates of this rite, is apparent in the various preparations being made by the several cremation societies across the water. The cremation society of London has purchased a piece of ground for the erection of a furnace and requisite buildings, and five thousand dollars has already been subscribed. There are yet needed twelve thousand dollars, which will doubtless be forthcoming when the public become more familiar with the "new idea." What has become of the American society, which entered the field with such *élan*? Surely it would not be difficult to convince our

citizens that there are certain places, at least, where the substitution of the furnace for the grave would be in every way desirable. Yet the cremationists tell the hideous story of the trench-burials at Hart's Island, and, with this picture in mind, the eye would be relieved by the sight even of a Siemens furnace.

On the question regarding the existence of an atmosphere about the moon, Mr. David Winstanley takes the affirmative. In a recent communication to the Philosophical Society, this gentleman takes the ground that the colors seen around the sun during an eclipse are an argument in favor of a lunar atmosphere: "Considering," he remarks, in concluding his argument, "that the non-existence of a lunar atmosphere is undemonstrated and undemonstrable, that it is in opposition to analogy, and that even simple refraction has given evidence of such an inconsiderable atmospheric envelope as we might at most expect a body of the moon's small mass to have, it certainly seems to me that the balance of probability lies in favor of the theory that the rainbow hues observed at total eclipses of the sun are really the results of chromatic dispersion effected by a lunar atmosphere."

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

MAJOR R. R. NOEL gives, in an English periodical, a few reminiscences of the stage, dating back to the time of Kean and the Kembles:

"My second visit to a theatre happened when I was between eight and nine years of age. My parents took me with them to the metropolis, traveling from Leicestershire with their own carriage and horses. While in London I often went to the stables as I had been in the habit of doing at home, to see the horses and chat with my friend and patron, John the coachman. He entertained me now by talking about the sights and wonders of the town, and one day he asked me if I should like to go with him to the play and see the famous Mrs. Siddons. Eager for the pleasure, I soon asked and obtained permission, and one fine spring afternoon, by the side of the stalwart and kind-hearted man, trotted merrily from Bolton Street to Covent Garden Theatre, where we were among the first to post ourselves before the doors of the 'two-shilling gallery.' When these at last opened, John half-dragged me up the many flights of steps, and we succeeded in gaining front seats. I remember the motto—'Veluti in speculum'—over the proscenium, and John's being gratified by his young master telling him the meaning of the Latin words. The play was 'Macbeth,' with Mrs. Siddons the tragic heroine. My attention soon became especially fixed on her acting. I have never forgotten the clear and sonorous tones of her voice, her stately movement, nor, in the sleep-walking scene, the thrilling way she uttered the words, 'Out, damned spot, out!'—the action of her hands being as if she were washing them. Young as I was, the mental anguish she displayed in this scene appalled me, and made my blood almost curdle. I can remember, too, the part of the stage where she stood, and all the seemingly spellbound movements of her body. The scenery of the play, and even the witches, made comparatively little impres-

sion on me. Some afterpiece followed the absorbing tragedy, but every thing connected with that has faded from my memory.

"The third time I went to the theatre was in the winter of 1815-'16. My father then resided in London, and one night he took me with him to Lord Byron's private box at Drury Lane, placing me in front so as to give me the best view of the performance. The box was on the stage to the right of the audience. Again the play, though this time not Shakespeare's, was a striking one, 'A New Way to pay Old Debts,' with Edmund Kean in the part of *Sir Giles Overreach*. Soon after the play had begun, Lord Byron, then one of the committee of management of Drury Lane Theatre, came into the box. My father bade me rise to give him my seat, but he insisted on my keeping it, and as he did so I remarked the sweetness of his smile. Recalling to mind that smile in after-years, I could not help believing there must have been much kindness in Lord Byron's nature: so slight a thing is often enough to bias our judgment of others.

"It was the first time I had seen Lord Byron, of whose renown as a poet I had latterly heard much, and my boyish curiosity was excited, though naturally I had but imperfect conceptions of his genius. His pale face, glossy and curly dark hair, and handsome and most expressive features, irresistibly attracted my gaze; in fact, throughout the evening he fascinated me quite as much as did Kean. Lord Byron several times left the box and returned to it. He was present there during the scene where *Sir Giles Overreach* is unmasked, and in his fury, and choking, as it were, with rage at finding himself foiled, tears away the collar from his neck. Kean's acting, I remember, made me tremble; my attention was riveted; and as he stood near our box, with his face turned toward it (perhaps because he knew Lord Byron was there), it is no wonder I was deeply affected. When the play was at an end I heard Lord Byron, in lively conversation with my father, highly extol the acting of Kean; and I remember, too, his remarking that 'the youngster' had felt his power.

"As Lord Byron sat opposite to me, I could not, as I have said, help gazing much at him, particularly when the curtain was down, as if under a fascination, in a way that I should not have ventured to do had I been older. His beautiful and animated face was full of attraction, and I noted with admiration the longitudinal wrinkles which, when conversing with my father, he frequently threw up on his brow. They seemed to me at my age so beautiful that, before I went to bed that night, I tried before a looking-glass to produce similar wrinkles in my own forehead, and felt disappointed at the want of success.

"We remained in Lord Byron's box till the end of the performances. The play, which had interested me so much, was followed by a farce, the name of which I have forgotten. I only recollect that Mrs. Mardyn acted in it, and that she was very sprightly, graceful, and handsome. . . .

"John Kemble I well remember as *Coriolanus*, *Octo*, *Cardinal Wolsey*, *King John*, and as *Penruddock* in 'The Wheel of Fortune.' He seemed to me a very grand and powerful actor, perfect in all his parts. Perhaps he most interested me as *Wolsey* and *King John*. Mrs. Siddons I saw once more (in 1816) when she acted the part of *Queen Katherine*, her brother John playing *Cardinal Wolsey*. The visit to Covent Garden that evening made a great impression on me. Charles Kemble did

Falconbridge to perfection, his fine figure and manly bearing suiting him well for that character; and Miss O'Neill was a very touching *Lady Constance*. I have seen Stephen Kemble once, as *Falstaff*, looking the character better than he acted it, and Mrs. Charles Kemble in several comic parts—a good actress, but at that time best suited where stoutness of figure was no disadvantage.

"Miss O'Neill I have repeatedly seen on the stage, and in nearly all her principal tragic parts—as *Lady Constance* aforesaid, as *Juliet*, as *Isabella*, *Belshazzar*, *Mrs. Haller*, and *Jane Shore*. She may not have been so grand as Mrs. Siddons in some of the parts which both these actresses have undertaken, but for pathos and tenderness Miss O'Neill can scarcely have been surpassed by any actress. A more fascinating and touching *Juliet* was, perhaps, never seen; and, indeed, in all her principal characters, she strongly enlisted one's sympathies. . . .

"I saw Edmund Kean in all his principal parts, especially remembering him in *Richard III.*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Leir*, *Shylock*, *Sir Edmund Mortimer*, *Bartram*, and, as already mentioned, *Sir Giles Overreach*. He thoroughly realized all the characters I have seen him perform, and by giving, in certain scenes, the freest expression to his inspirations of the moment, he often aroused his audiences to an extraordinary pitch of enthusiasm. Although small in stature, his limbs were well proportioned, his face handsome and expressive, his eyes full of fire. More than once I have seen him at Drury Lane as *Othello*—in which part he displayed much pathos—and Charles Young at the same time as *Iago*. The latter performed his part with such life-like ease, and brought out the satirical and humorous features of it so admirably, that, in the earlier scenes, one could hardly help regarding the clever villain with feelings akin to liking. It is not possible, I think, that any other actor in the part of *Iago* could ever have displayed more perfectly than Young the consciousness of superior intellectual power, contempt for others, and wickedness of purpose, yet masked withal by the semblance of honest candor. One could well understand how *Cassio* and *Othello* were as wax in the hands of so specious a villain. I once saw Kean and Young at Drury Lane reverse their parts in this tragedy, but with less satisfaction.

"Kean was likewise admirable in comic parts. I liked him particularly in 'The Honeymoon,' and on his benefit-nights I have seen him as *Paul* in 'Paul and Virginia,' as *Sylvester Duggerwood*, and I once saw him dressed and dance as a harlequin, I think in an afterpiece called 'The Admirable Crichton,' and had thus an opportunity of admiring the remarkable grace and agility of his bodily movements."

Cornhill for March has a second paper on Shelley, discussing him as "politician, atheist, and philanthropist." The article is very long, and we have space for a few paragraphs only. As a politician, the writer speaks of the poet as follows:

"The sublime picture drawn by the Greek dramatist, of a great and heroic being struggling against adversity and the gods, seems almost to find its modern counterpart in Shelley battling with the inequalities and miseries of the world. That a super-sensitive poet, and one in whom the imagination held dominant sway, should also exhibit the keenest desire to benefit his fellow-men in numberless

practical modes, is one of the most singular episodes in literature. Yet, the intensity of Shelley's devotion to these objects was such that if his intellectual powers had been less strong and comprehensive, we should have been forced to the conclusion that he was a mere enthusiast and fanatic. A study of the method of his life, however, on its practical side, will lead to the opposite result, and convince us that his schemes for the amelioration of mankind sprang from a strong heart and not from an ill-balanced mind; that he was in reality far in advance of the age in which he lived—it is to be feared even in advance of many ages yet to come. Had it not been that from the religious point of view 'that atheist Shelley' was a bugbear to society, we should have heard more of some aspects of his character which I consider might justly make his name illustrious. Nevertheless, after a dispassionate examination and sifting of his various projects and panaceas, and in spite of his own firm belief that he was fitted to cope with the practical government of men, I incline to the opinion that he was better adapted to be the purifier of existing systems than the originator of others. Binding up the wounds of humanity, and pouring in the oil and wine as the good Samaritan, gave a natural outflow to that all-pervading sympathy which seemed to throw a halo over his other characteristics. His impetuosity and the wonderful force and directness of his moral sense interfered, probably, with that just attribute of the judgment which should primarily distinguish the reformer who moves by gradual stages—one who does not proceed to legislative action until he has carefully weighed all objections and obtained a satisfactory basis which permits of no injustice to one man while a benefit is being secured for his brother. Impatience is fatal to organic changes in society, and however beautiful may be the enthusiasm which glows in the earnest reformer, if it be not supported by other convincing and concrete qualities, it is apt to be evanescent and to fall in accomplishing its end. Now, Shelley was rather a destroyer than a builder; his eye was intently fixed upon one object: he desired to break up utterly the wrong and corruption of the world. As to the processes by which this grand result was to be achieved, he was not always clear; albeit, he never wavered in carrying on the war against error and superstition. His enthusiasm was as noble and disinterested as that of any other man whose history has been bequeathed to us; and it extorted even from Byron the remark that Shelley was the best as well as the ablest man he had ever known."

The writer, proceeding to consider Shelley as an atheist, asserts that there is evidence that the poet did not maintain a universal negative, but believed in a Power which "moulds all things, and runs through all things:"

"Was Shelley an atheist? Such is the momentous question which next arises. The affirmative has so frequently been stated that it has come to be almost universally accepted. I, too, believe that he had not quite dived into the depth of all mystery; that he had not fully understood himself, the world, and the Great Unknown; that he had not quite reconciled all the inconsistencies of this jarring instrument, human life, nor solved the problem why evil should be permitted to exist side by side with virtue, and too frequently prove the victor. But then he never professed to be any thing but a student upon the threshold of

existence, permeated by a desire for knowledge. Yet, assuming for a moment that at one time Shelley was numbered with the unbelievers, there was an earnestness in his purposes, and a craving for light, which were noble in comparison with the cold Mephistophelean disbelief in virtue so characteristic of Byron. The author of 'Queen Mab' was a man of faith compared with the author of 'Don Juan.' Out of the spirit of inquiry which pervaded the former, it was possible there might arise a sympathy with and a thirsting after the Divine; out of the spirit of moral infidelity which distinguished the latter, it was impossible for any thing to be generated but a distrust of all human virtue. So that our words of indignation as regards Shelley's skepticism should really be more measured than they have hitherto been. The negations of a philosophical skepticism have, in the world's history, very frequently been cast away for a living and vital trust in the fountain of all happiness and truth. Morality always survived in Shelley; therefore it was possible to become an easy and natural process with him to pass from the lower and baser to the higher and nobler. Shelleyism is not infidelity. That is my contention, and, if systematic doubt really ever was a creed with the poet, it had been swept away long before his death. I seem to behold Shelley stretching out hands of faith after the Divine, imploring, demanding to be led into his pure light, and to find shelter in the Fatherhood of his Creator, through brotherhood with One of whom he nobly sang, and of whose reign he uttered such a glorious burst of triumph as this:

'A Power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapor dim
Which the Orient planet animates with light:
Hell, sin, and slavery came,
Like bloodhounds, mild and tame,
Nor preyed until their lord had taken flight.
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon,
The Cross leads generations on."

We conclude our selections with a paragraph affirming the genuine nature of Shelley's philanthropic sentiments:

"The benefactor of humanity has invariably to sustain much comment and skepticism regarding his motives, and Shelley was no exception to the rule in his role of philanthropist. He gave both of his labor and substance with an unbounded generosity, and too frequently had the bitterness to perceive that his intentions were misunderstood, and he himself regarded, with suspicion. Man is a reasoning animal, as I have already had occasion to observe, but man is above all a selfish animal. The species seems much more prolific and ingenious in acts of self-preservation than it does in argument. Man is, in fact, so selfish that an undoubtedly benevolent act—an act, that is, which is open to no other construction—surprises him by its folly. He furthermore does not like the rebuke which the act itself necessarily conveys, and consequently becomes angry and slanders his benefactor. This has ever been so. In the realms of thought and science, as well as in personal action, the exercise of benevolence has met with strenuous opposition. The perfect Man, whose soul was spotless and yearned with a magnificent philanthropy for the whole race, was crucified on a tree. The world has to be approached gradually by the philanthropist, or

he will be assailed by the offensive missiles of an adverse criticism. And when he has done all the good that is possible, and laid down his life for his brother, he will gain but a grudging remembrance from posterity. It is, however, the mark of the true philanthropist that he pursues his ends regardless of the consequences. No threat, no withholding of his just reward, can ever deter him, for he is armed not by the principle which expects a return for its expended benevolence, but by the sublime idea of the condition of the person he means to help can be ameliorated and exalted by his aid. And in the eyes of the philanthropist the salvation of the species is the grandest work to which a man can devote himself. Salvation from vice, from misery, from poverty, from the horrors of his own conscience, is to the human the lifting up of the Divine ideal. Of Shelley it may be affirmed that he labored conspicuously for this end. The record of his life is one of generous impulse and action from its commencement to its close. A benignity that is worthy of all praise and reverence animated him in his relations to man, and the humbler creation; to breathe, to him, was to aspire to do good, irrespective of recognition or reward. His own appetites were conquered and held in subjection, so that he could be of some use to humanity. The plainest food sufficed for his daily needs, and he would never use the produce of the cane so long as it was obtained by slave-labor. 'Fragile in health and frame; of the purest habits in morals; full of devoted generosity and universal kindness; glowing with ardor to obtain wisdom; resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right; burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal.' Lest this eulogy, however, which was dictated by the spirit of an ardent love and admiration for Shelley, should seem tinged with the extravagance of personal regard, let us quote from Lady Blessington what Lord Byron said of his friend. After Shelley's death he wrote: 'You should have known Shelley to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, the most amiable, the least worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau idéal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination, but a total want of worldly wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain.' To extract such a tribute from such a quarter would of itself be sufficient proof to me that all I have alleged with respect to the natural generosity of Shelley's character was strictly accurate."

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, still pursuing his "Saxon Studies," discusses the meerschaum and tobacco-smoking in Dresden:

"The goddess Nicotine has a fund of good sense, which prompts her, as a general thing, to put a smile, either broad or latent, into the carving of her pipes and cigar-holders. The material is more beautiful than either marble or porcelain, and is delightful to work in. A man of leisure, education, and refinement, might benefit both himself and the world by devoting his whole attention to cutting and polishing meerschaum. There is unlimited field for inventive design, for taste, for humor, for manual skill and delicacy. And how pleasant to reflect that each pipe, over which we

thought and labored our best, will become the bosom friend of some genial, appreciative fellow, who will discover its good points and be proud of them and love them! For all good smokers are married to their pipe; are sensitive to its critics and jealous of its rivals. And when the pipe is worthy of affection, it endears itself ever more and more; and, though it be colored black with nicotine, is tinged yet more deeply with the rich essence of mellow reminiscences and comfortable associations.

"The Viennese do their work well, and perhaps have a special knack at it. There was once, in this window which we are now contemplating, a Skye terrier's head, about the size of a clinched fist, with mouth half open and hair on end, which only needed a body to begin barking. It was bought by a Scotchman for twelve pounds, which, if the animal was of the true meerschaum breed, was dog-cheap. This question of genuineness, by-the-way, is one which every tyro believes he can settle at a glance. There are, he tells you, a few simple and infallible tests easily learned and readily applied; he talks about weight, tint, texture, sponginess, and assures you that if you are ever taken in only your own carelessness is to blame.

"It is a fallacy from beginning to end. There is no way of 'telling' a meerschaum except to smoke it for at least a year. We may amuse ourselves with applying tests, if we like, but they will demonstrate only our fatuity. The dealer is as impotent to decide as anybody, so far as judgment by inspection goes; unless he be prompted by the maker. But even the maker will be at a loss between two pipes, the history of whose making he has forgotten. We might go back still farther, and ascribe the only trustworthy knowledge to the Natioian miner, who digs the clay out of the earth. Meerschaum is like woman's heart—as soft, as light, as brittle, and as enigmatic, and only time and use can prove it true!

"Pipes are bought chiefly by foreigners; Germans use meerschaum in the form of cigar-holders—"Spitzen," they call them. Spitzen are economical, but not otherwise desirable; they enable us to smoke our cigar to the bitter end, but they are an unnecessary and troublesome incumbrance. Nevertheless, they are popular, for they color more evenly and farther toward the mouth than pipes do, and they are more striking in appearance. But I scarcely think they insinuate themselves far into their owner's secret affections; a man of sentiment may have vanity enough to wear one in public, but in private he will not be bothered with it. Coarse, hard men, devoid of sentiment, and of the fine quality which can appreciate the quiet charms of a pipe, are precisely fitted to enjoy the ostentation of a Spitze.

"Tobacco plays so prominent a rôle in a Saxon's life—so perfumes the air and impregnates the lungs—that we are insensibly led to discuss it at some length. Probably there are not ten righteous men in Dresden who do not smoke or snuff—chewing, luckily, is unknown, though I believe the practice originated hereabouts. I have often met a hundred men in succession, no one without his cigar. Cigar-smoking, it should be observed, is not an expensive habit in Dresden: it may be indulged to excess for not more than two pounds sterling a year. Half as much will provide three not intolerable cigars daily. Moreover, it is to be borne in mind that no true-born Saxon ever throws away a cigar or any part of one. He consumes it in installments, and his pockets and cupboards are full of pestilent remnants from half an inch to three inches long. A

learned professor whom I visited occasionally, passed his life at a study-desk, every loop-hole and cranny of which harbored cigar-stumps of various ages and sizes. My first supposition was that here was an eccentric recluse, whose whim it was to rake together this kind of unsavory relics. But I presently saw him select the most ancient, steepest stump from its hiding-place in the most cobwebbed cranny, and kindle it into activity with a sulphur-match. He preferred such resuscitated corpses—an old tobacco-vulture, with a morbid craving for carrion!

"This same people smoke Russian cigarettes—the most ethereal guise under which tobacco presents itself. The variety used is Turkish, and is the purest and finest in the world, but so pungent that—except *Achtaks*—the cigarette is the only available form for it. Ladies smoke these cigarettes, though only the Poles and Russians do so publicly—they, indeed, smoke cigars quite as readily, and for my own part I much enjoy the spectacle. Not only do they appear admirable as regards their dainty manipulation and osculation of the weed, but their smoking lends an Oriental flavor to the scene, whereof the fumes of the Latakia are but the material emblem. When an English or American lady smokes, she simply commits a small impropriety; but in the mouth of a fair foreigner, who has been brought up to know no better, a cigar is a wand to conjure up romantic visions and Eastern fantasies. The gentle reader will understand me aright, nor seek to put me out of countenance by evoking images of coarse, black-pipe-puffing Indian squaws and Irish-women."

CARLYLE'S papers on "The Early Kings of Norway" came to an end in the March *Fraser*, and closed with the following arrow direct to the heart of his imaginary America:

"The history of these Haarfrags has awakened in me many thoughts of despotism and democracy, arbitrary government by one, and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of dictatorship with many faults, and universal suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Trygvesson and a universal-suffrage Parliament or an 'imperial' copper-captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not its course still through the great deep? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of human order, regulation, and real government; there, clothed in a high-

ly-different but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of order, regulation, and government—very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of human society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

"The violences, fightings, crimes—ah, yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unalmented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of these strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

"My friends, the follies of modern liberalism, many and great though they be, are practically summed in this denial or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences—theology of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in any thing, and, least of all, in man; whereas Nature and Heaven command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth in every thing, and most of all in man. Your main problem is that ancient and trite one, "Who is best man?" and the Fates forgive much—forgive the fiercest, wildest, cruellest experiments—if fairly made for the determination of that. Theft and blood-guiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet, the favoring powers of the spiritual and material world will confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in fair arbitrament of that question, "Who is best man?" But if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his neighbor's match—if you give vote to the simple and liberty to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds in due time present you inevitably with the same problem, soluble now only wrong side upward; and your robbing and slaying must be done then to find out "Who is *worst* man?" Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed, not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find, and to be governed by."

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